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INDIAN ROMANCES
AND OTHER POEMS

MARY McDERMOTT SANTLEY







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AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

MARY McDERMOTT SANTLEY

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CLEVELAND, OHIO

1911

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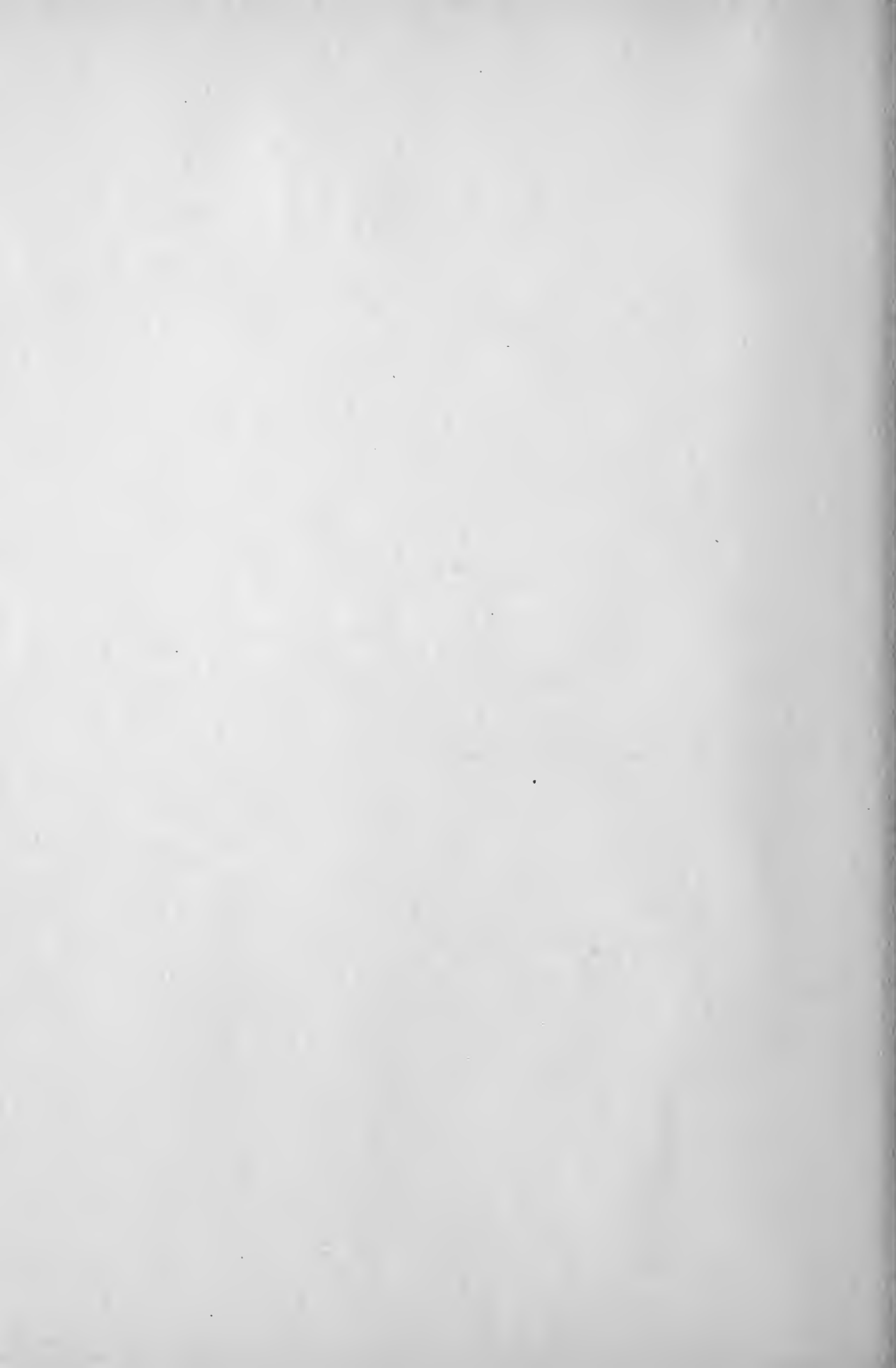
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No. 1.

TO MY BROTHER
WILLIAM McDERMOTT
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS INSCRIBED
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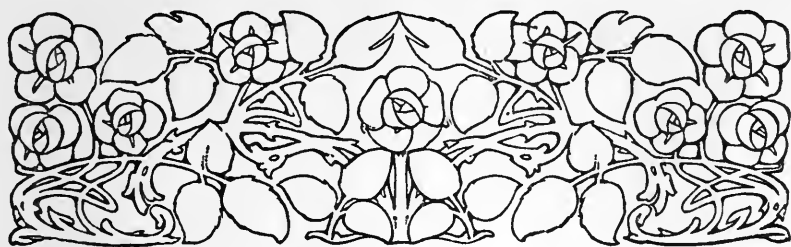
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INDIAN ROMANCES AND
OTHER POEMS





ORKEDA

Again, the man of science was roaming
In cypress-land—a domain most chary
In granting privilege; most self-contained,
Dark, and secretive, of all tree kingdoms—
Returned, after a full decade in search,
Still, of a swiftest, highest perfection.

The song of the mocking-bird thrilled his soul
As in other days; leaping growth and bloom;
Tall, silent trees; the dark flowing river
And the sly, silent, patient fishermen,
All there, all, as if not a night had passed
Since he fled them. But the small Indian girl
Was gone! Instead, he saw a woman stand;
Then all was changed, newer, more beautiful.

At their first meeting an evening gray rain
Folded them in; and delicious coolness
Hung in beads from all the flow'rs and fronds;
Even the cypresses stood in jewels,

Liquid pearls in gleam from top branch to foot ;
And Orkeda's dark eyes danced with delight
Above the crimson roses blossoming
On her cheeks ; their glow mingling with the tan
All round about them, picturing a life
Full of fragrance, exuberance, and warmth.

The man, Scotch-born, with shoulders honest set,
According with the language of his eyes,
Composed his thought in a reverent prayer ;
Then, approaching her in the cypress, asked :
"Where in all this tropic wild dwellest thou,
So rich and rare and ripe in womanhood ?
I am here seeking the superlative,
Where creative luxuriance abounds,
And lo, it stands embodied before me !"

With a fluttering joy, she, Orkeda,
Gave answer :

"All this wild wet warmth is mine ;
'Tis my ancestral home. My great fathers,
For generations back, were Seminole ;
And 'true brave'—all my fathers were 'true brave.' "

David's thought and heart leaped in consonance
To enfold this 'true brave' Seminole girl.
Conscious of the wealth of his possession,
He said :

"I would see your great wet fragrant
Empire. Come, Orkeda, with your canoe
Just at sun-up, to-morrow, round the bend
Where leans that great oak in his grey mosses."

Wond'ring, almost startled at his asking,
She backward stepped and answered not. After,
With glowing look she stood a moment, then
Retreated, as from royal drawing-room.
Dusk came between them; and she found shelter
In the gray, bark-wrapped, flower-enwreathed nest
All folded round with arms of tropic trees,
That no curious river voyageur
Might espy it—a "true brave's" hidden home.

And he, baring his head to the rain, stood
In summoned stillness that he might find again
His erstwhile self, strongly granite-bastioned
With buttresses from Scotia's great quarries
Of standard character, centuries piled;
But whose rock principles are interstrewn
With rare clinging lyrics, true poetic
Imagery; where, in the midst of thorn-clothed
Leaves, stand fearless blossoms of purpling down;
And all the hills in heather-pink are clad;
Her banks and braes beautiful as gentlest
Mother's prayer, in its grace-pencilled trusting;
Grateful for the prescience that sees her boy
A sterling man in the future golden.

As he stood, a picture in far-off Scotland
Stretched out before him, a dripping canvas;
And a Scotch lassie was disappearing
In the shadow—his bonnie young sister—
This after the awak'ning of the thought:
"Janet is a woman, and something stirs
In that young soul, kindling and guiding it,
That seems like a sweetness and a rev'rence."

Since then, time, the wide ocean, and research
In fields of Science had divided them;
And now, lo! at the touch of the law of
Association the curtain is drawn
From the plate of the put-by camera
And undimmed the impression confronts him.
"Janet, Orkeda, how like—stay—unlike
Are the two!"

And David's thoughts were a fire
Of interest within him as he walked
Along the stream to his Indian-kept camp.

'Tis early morning and o'er the vast stretch
Of landscape awaiting in wonderment,
A soft light palpitates into new life
The myriad forms, until now undefined.
The thinning of the dense purple mist speeds
The emergence; the rosy wings of light
Swiftly fan into flame the cypress tops—
Feathery plumes borne aloft on the tall
Gray trunks, to caress the soft floating clouds—
Uncanny, secretive, awesome sentinels.

A sudden, muffled sound of whirring wings
And a hurrying cloud of waterfowl,
Low-hung, enlivens the still awak'ning.
A silent, slow-flowing stream passes by,
Bearing away the night and fetching the day.
Yonder, around the bend, where that mighty
Moss-draped water-oak leans low, a canoe
In quiet glides in the midst of the stream.

Its mistress now and again gives movement
To its oars in unconscious grace, making
A masterful, unhindered, unhasting
Progress to meet a fresh, unfolding world.

Orchids bloom in these surrounding swamps,
Luxuriant ladies in rose and light,
With folds and frills and wings of melting dawn,
From amethyst to rose to golden fire,
At touch of the kiss of the lord of day.

Oh, rich and rare are orchids! Drawing life
From hidden sward or giant free-flung tree—
Blooming in hiding to cheer solitude,
To keep in true balance the symphony
Of beauty, vital in creative thought.

The maiden at the oars, in soft purple
Flushed with rose, and winged with flutt'ring crimson,
With rosettes and fast'ning-bands of pale blue,
Was orchid true in heaven's adorning.
Leisurely came the canoe to the place
Where David waited 'midst the giant fern.
It came by faith, for no humanity
In all that morning's graciousness could be
Seen luring to a spirit of venture.
She questioned not the backing of her faith
Nor knew the all-pervasive lure of love.

As the canoe touched land, he stepped forward,
And with arms extended gave her welcome—
Tropical flower! Woman, in all wealth

Of brilliance and innocence and trust ;
With an air of protection quite natural,
Spontaneous and sweet, like that given
To a bewitching six-year-old maiden.

He called her "beautiful paradise bird!"
A bright smile beamed all about her, for she
Seemed a centre from which radiated
Ever on-going, wid'ning joy circles.
She wore paler roses on this morning,
The blushes fading away to creamy
Olive ; and a kind of sweet gravity
Resting on her face seemed frankly to hide
Secrets that belonged only to her race.

In this contact David felt a special
And peculiar pathos was hid under
That truthful and brilliant exterior.
The pride and exclusiveness belonging
To the Seminole she regally wore ;
And he felt that she, herself, was her best
And all-sufficient protecting angel.

Seated in the canoe they glided out
O'er the water just now brisk with ripples—
Glorious wide-flung blanket of jewels—
Reflecting the warm life-laden sunshine.
Both were silent—an unwitting, very
Part of the beautiful awe about them.

When, in far-gone days, the river set out
To make a path to the wide, open world

It flowed, and sang, nor took a note of time,
But dallied now by this plateau of bloom,
Then wandered on to that whereon great trees,
Stretched in prayer their arms to the high-poised clouds
For waters cool to lave their thirsty roots.
Fetching a whole river full of freshness
To their languishment, it made a winding
Path; moving here, then swift flowing yonder
Round the jutting point, laden with promise
Of abundant bloom along its borders.

The canoe crossed the ripples silently;
And David was silenced by this meeting
With the superlative. The full flower'd
Morn folding in the cadence of its song
All things embodied in the thought of heaven;
Light, encompassing and illumining all;
Informing all with a subtle clearness,
And breaking into showers of prisms
In the dew drops soft'ning all the green growth
And its crowning blossoming of color;
Fragrance, distilled essence of beauty's bloom,
Touching the senses with delicate joy;
Song, filling with ecstasy, the blue vault;
Love, the Spirit of life owning the heart;
Reverence, toning, guiding the assembling thought,
All, all more superlative than his dream.

In simple directness of speech he asked:
"Orkeda, sweet, whither are we going?
Tell me, while floating down with the current,
Tell me who you are; why I find you here."

"It is easy, David," gently she said ;
"I am Indian-American, daughter
Of this land of moisture and bright color,
Playmate of the breeze and the flamingo.
This, my home land kissed by the fervid sun
Is Seminole ; hot, true, never-failing ;
Always bursting into flower of new life ;
Always this land and my people are one.
These tall cypresses are like my fathers—
So high and straight and mighty their brown trunks
Asking no leave of any man to wave
Aloft their feathery tops in freedom.
Oh ! we take not the condescending gifts !
The white man cannot give what is our own.

"This land, the air, the brilliant-winged birds,
The song, the bloom, the perfume they are ours.
My great fathers—Seminole—have a pride,
A chaste purity, greater than all tribes.
Each beautiful daughter roams in freedom
Over the streams, and o'er the bright, warm land,
Each brave true to his protecting honor."
Then she was silent, and David silent.

Her last phrases fell so low, and softly,
And were borne by the on-going ripples
Down to the great sea ; spread to a wide world ;
Pride of spirit, chastity and honor,
Character-virtues of the Seminole !

Here was a light David had never seen,
And he was absently busy with it.

And Orkeda held the lazy paddles,
Nor took a note of the lack of talking;
For when gliding through this grandest cypress
Forest, the solemn beauty of the scene
Ever filled the mind with wordless wonder.
At last, the man in semi-consciousness
Felt his soul taking in great draughts of the
Mystery that slept like the long ages
In this land of the Seminole—proud Brave!

“Mystery!” he cried; “And thou, Orkeda,
Greatest mystery—to be unfolded!
The red man’s blood well nigh lost in the white,
And this matchless unassailable pride!
This thought expressed in educated form
And this delicate refinement of grace!
Sprang all these like the tree-fern out of the
Black, wet earth stretching away from this stream?
Tell, lass! I would you tell me who you are!”

Gently the boat still went adown the stream,
Which lay like a broad, black, velvet ribbon
Dividing all along the winding way
The flowery borders, each from the other;
And she smiled and said:

“Thee puzzles thyself,
And ’tis all so easy to know, David.
Grandfather went up the coast to the land
Of Pastorius and of Penn, and found
Kindest men in all the great Father’s world,
And sweet women with calmness on the cheeks
And dainty, white-frilled borders to their caps,

And eyes reflecting a loving justice,
And hands that knew how to give comforting
Service; like the Friend of man loved to give.
And they took his great, red hand within theirs
And told him in simple words and earnest:
'Friend Gray-feather, thee is welcome.'
Then he sat on their deerskin, at their feet,
To learn well all the beautiful lessons
About the inner light the Spirit gives."

A solemn, knowing little pause came here;
A pretty consciousness, and she went on:

"All the bright awesome days went swiftly by,
And he could not help it, but he loved her,
The blithe and orderly teacher, Anna.
She wore a soft smile, and a dove-gray gown
When she stood to be his wife, in June-time,
And they came here to live on the border
Of the blue lake where the flamingo flies.
They spent all their days in teaching the Braves
How to find the Light that lighteth the world,
How to know what means that tender word—Friend.

"It was by the bright water my mother
Came to them. And they called her Lilian,
When she grew tall and beautiful she went
Away up the coast to the old homestead,
And at the Seminary she studied
The concord of sounds, and her soul rippled
Out its inner thoughts in sweetest music,
When her fingers touched the ivory keys—
For Friends had learned that song was worship, too."

Then she was silent, and the canoe neared
The land, and they went to the secret spot
Where orchids had their sacred place to bloom,
And she bade him stand aside, for her hands
Trembled with haste to gather the brightness—
She loved them so—and to caressingly
Hold them a moment ere she gave them him.
She thought this place adorned like Paradise;
This bloom and beauty, the touch of which was
Ecstasy, was the flowering of love—
'Tis true perfection of maturity,
Can only come forth where Divine breath is.

Laden with riches they sought their canoe;
A well-made primitive boat, light, spacious,
High in the sides, and strong-ribbed with cypress;
He scattered the bloom at her feet,
And again the prow was set for down-stream,
And they cut through the perfect reflections,
That lay on the surface of the water,
In a dream, till David awoke again,
Still longing for more of her sweet story,
Till she said:

“Thee is a greedy David!
Thee wants more of my mother, Lilian?
She loved our beautiful lake and the warmth,
So came back down the coast to her father's home.
The young Brave, her playmate, was now a man,
Full of honor, waiting for her coming.
He had much dealing with great merchantmen
Who wanted the fine alligator skins,
And the soft, fur coat of the brown otter.

Then he bought shining jewels for Lilian,
And little cups beautiful as sea shells.
She loved fine stuffs that let the sunshine through,
So, at the wedding wore an airy robe—
'Twas soft like rose leaves, and shimmering bright."

Then she paused to trill a few notes with a
Master mocking-bird who, high, led her on
And up, in voice rapture, to heaven's gate.
She paused; then playful said:

"There's little more,

'Tis of myself—I am a tropical bird!
A family of flamingoes live near.
We are friends. One bright bird is my lover.
He circles near; alights; looks wistfully
At me. Then I stroke his soft-rose feathers
Where they shade into pearl and that to white,
And I know the secrets of bird nesting,
And the secrets of the paradise flow'r.
Oh, my heart adores the pure, white orchid!
And, besides knowing all these wild things,
My mother teaches me books and the songs.
Thee knows it now, David, and this is all."

While they glided on through the mystery
Overshadowing the winding channel,
The greater mystery of life-mating,
Was at work within each silent being;
Silent, though wildly throbbing in answer
To Love's call. For the first time the girl felt
The pain of great joy, and bursting to tears
Sobbed: "What is this, David? This hurting pain!"

Their hour had come. With care he changed his seat ;
Put his arms about her, saying :

“Not pain,
But such a love as transforms thee, sweetest,
Thou art no longer to thyself, lassie,
But to me ; and I to thee. Orkeda !
Sweetest name my lips have ever spoken !”—
Tight’ning his arm—“Resting, so securely
Pain has taken quick wing ; Love nestles close,
One guest—No mine, no thine, but ours, Sweet,
Forever !”

“And David,” she arch replied,
“What of my beautiful flamingo bird !
Ah, but thee is a most cruel lover !”
Her eyes and whole being going to him
In confession that came close to the
Borderland of worship, and foreshadowed
Unquestioned trust, unbroken harmony,

Each had separately coursed the river
Times and days before this, and the solemn beauty
And weird mystery had always held them
Speechless ; the soul according with the scene—
A pictured majesty of creation—
The dark, awesome river, the banks aflame
With gorgeous velvet blossoms, and flow’ring
Vines in clamorous embrace of gray trunks,
All enfolded in silence that outpoured
Sentiment in a reverent baptism.

Gliding on for long in grasp of such spell,
Suddenly, as they rounded a sharp bend,

A whirr of wings, then the shrill startled cries
Of wild fowl awoke them out of their dream.

“Ah, David, that talking cloud of soft-rose!
How I love the floating shadow of it,
And the stirring voice coming out of it!”
And he thought, if he thought at all, of her
Unrestrained life, her vivacious wisdom.

Now the girl and man saw they were nearing
The end of their long wind and put to shore.
Here Orkeda's kin lived in a tiny
Japanese-like home of bamboo and bark,
And piped the music of their hearts on reeds
In high-gee concerts with the morning birds;
Or at nightfall, in flutings silky soft
As hint of zephyr fondling poppy blossoms.

The voyageurs tied up for the night, and
David saw a new phase of Indian life.
When morning came, their canoe bore them forth
To coast along the border of the lake.
Looking out o'er the expanse of water
It seemed a limitless azure ocean—
Bluest sky and sea made the universe—
And the thought of space, for the Almighty,
Grew in David's mind; the prospect widened,
Ever widened, till he touched the borders
Of the concept of the illimitable.
It was just a gleam of revelation
That gave birth to a quenchless aspiration
That would forever look onward and up

To Light, on the confines of creation,
Which floods all things—all—with its effulgence.

In his mind surged the thought: "I've glimpsed it! The
Unspeakable glory; at the centre;
From which evolves the ever on-going,
The eternal Word; from whose Spirit-springs
Leaps the continuous flame of being."

Blue vaulted sky, unfathomable sea,
Blending in invisible horizon,
He thought a fit symbol for magnitude;
And David's mind was forever feeling
For magnitude, for the superlative;
While Orkeda ever seemed to have all
Things within herself. The Divine touched her,
And she, untrying, kindled in response.
Ever the "still, small voice" is the mighty,
And this her inward ear knew how to know.
The Great Spirit knew His own creation,
The child whose trust and joyous simple ways
Reflected in purity His great truths;
And "Love," "His new, best name" and strongest bond,
Purest, sweetest, held her at one with Him—
She was Nature's child and Nature was God's.

The bright morning, the blue wave, the blue sky.
All, an immensity enfolding them,
David, ever seeking outward word,
Asked; "Orkeda, lass, tell me you are mine!"

"Ah David! dost ask if the wing is made
To cleave the air? If this blue about us
Speaks the Great Spirit's enfolding beauty?
The elixir of it His breath of life?
Thee is near me; thee looks into my eyes;
And still thee asks, 'Tell me!'

"Yea, I love thee!

But there's somewhat more speaking in my heart
To say to thee. I feel no barrier
Rising in a bramble of concealed words
To divide us; though thee's of other race.
I know the Great Father loves thee and me;
That from the long ages past He is the
Indian's Father. He fills the breast of His
Red child with loving kindness; then his thoughts
Have wisdom in them and clean honor;
And in his soul springs great scorn of a lie.
He walks in the forest with high-stepping,
As a king might; kind to all his tribesmen,
And with fairness meets e'en his enemy.
But the cruel white man meets him as a
Thing to be robbed and driven off the earth;
To be filled, like himself, with evil thoughts,
Instead of a being to whom God gave
A vast kingdom, and a mind to know Him.
Oh! the Great Spirit is bountiful in
Simple kindness! making His wishes clear.
And when the white man bends to Him,
Listens, and hears, and right action follows
His sins will be no longer as scarlet;
And the Father, all-merciful, forgives
Even treachery, if one puts on the
Sackcloth of repentance, and honors right."

Her cheeks were aflame, her eyes burning bright,
And David said: "Tell me all thou meanest."

While he leaned forward in an eagerness,
And the canoe bore them over the wave.
She said, most calmly and with dignity:

"The redman honors his word in his heart.
The white man smothers his word in language,
And when he seems to seek cannot find it.
He takes our land and gives us what stays not;
And he holds from us the land forever.
He sends us on, ever on, with soldiers
At our backs; pushing us over prairies,
On and on, till the hunting-grounds vanish.

"The Great Spirit gave us our wilderness
With all the sky and the air above it;
The flowers in brilliant colors scattered
About the roots of the great cypresses,
And the rivers and all these bright waters;
The birds all lustrous in paradise plumage,
Having throats to pipe the songs of angels.
He gave the Seminole a heart for peace,
For justice, and for his own mother-land.
He gave him, too, a strong will to hold these;
And a power to show the white man justness.

"Thee knows, David, our silence and patience
Settle on the face in a great sadness.
And the white man calls it an ugly name;
But thee has seen us here in our own home,

Resting in plenty with music and joy.
Now, I've told thee of this outside sorrow
That sometimes nips my heart, else so happy."

A few moments of stillness, then she asked:
"Is thee Friend, David? Thee is like them, true."
He replied:

"You will find me friend and true."
And he spake with words heavy with a new
Concept of the value of Indian thought,
And was silent—his heart beating wildly
To free her forever from sense of wrong.

And back they came to azure sea and sky;
And the boat drifted lazily along
The margin, above glist'ning sands and shells,
Strewn little more than arm's length below them,
And he spoke to her of fields of research,
Of the lure of exuberant nature—
Heat and dripping wet, riotous blossoms,
The strange, poisonous secretions of reptiles—

"All these I sought for science' sake, lassie,
And lo! swift and far have they receded!
And thou, of highest type, art come op'ning
The gate to vaster fields and nobler thought;
And I glimpse the Divine creative power,
The Supreme Intelligence guiding all!"

"Thee sees it! Does thee, David?" she exclaimed;
"The springs of life are in the Great Spirit.
Ever my mother loves to lead me on
Through all these vast aisles of thought, high-arched."

Wondrous lessons she learned from that mother,
From Lilian, the refined Quakeress ;
How all joy and strength, all flow'ring color ;
Sweet concord of sounds ; all bliss eternal,
Are precious stones found in the foundations
Of the thought-temple of the Universe !

Lazy waters left them ; she seized the oars
And the boat sped o'er the sparkling surface,
Away and away, till the liquid blue
Of lake and friendly bay met and mingled,
And David's astonished soul leaped speechless :
For the bay, sheet of a thousand acres
Of water lilies, smiled fragrant greeting.
Orkeda, at home with them, laughed joyous ;
"See ! my heart goes to thee in gift, David,
Wide, like this great expanse—blossoming in
Sweet thoughts to bless thee. Seminole lilies,
David ! Spread from seed of Divine sowing."

And the man of Science made fervid answer :
"My own lily-orchid ! sweetest, rarest,
O lilies fair ! of all the wond'rous gifts
From the Creative hand, most bountiful !"



THE DAUGHTER OF THE WYANDOTTE

The soft snow lay in vanishing patches,
A background for the upspringing grasses
And brave flowers—Claytonias, Hepaticas
And the rest of Flora's most delightful
Offerings,—smiling their way thro' an impact
Of seasoned leaves and broken bits of twigs,
Like soft enamel spread on forest floor
In mosaic such as Persian weaver
Might never hope to emulate, with all
His skill in toning and laying color.
A near-by meadow showed fresh springing green,
Set off with hint of dandelion gold ;
A pair of robins lifted their heads high,
List'ning the notes of the arriving Spring,
And then on glad wing piped the sweetest song
Ushering in the vernal ecstasy.

Sensitive in response to symphony
Sebastian's heart, thrilling with the glory,
Beat in limpid, tenderest music,
The measures rounding up to highest note ;
Amalia, with the morning, reigning there.

The cottage was back, yonder in the field
Encased in a network of gray branches,
Which e'en now were making ready to burst
Into leaf and bud and myriad blossom.
Back on the stony hillside were the goats
Returned, after yielding the morning milk,
To grazing bracken and dry thistle straw—
And there breathes not a chemist on any
Wizard's peak can tell how this makes good cream.

When the sun's rays lit the purple lakelet,
Lying at the bottom of the basin
Down there before their door, then Amalia
And her father left the sand-white table,
Whereon had stood their bowls of bread and milk,
And with swift feet sought the marshy margin
For the water-birds, tho' the woman's heart
Refused to harm one delightful feather,
Crying out: "Father, thou New World Rajah,
Draw not the bow, they are beautiful life!
Often have I longed on strong wings to cleave
Like them, in a sure poise, the morning air."

The birds skimmed the marshes and swiftly dropped
To concealment. From a clump of tall shrubs
Emerged Sebastian, lover of beauty—
Rhythmic power, outcome of balanced guidance
At the hand of Purity and Wisdom—
And Amalia stood erect before him,
The embodiment of his ideal;
A Wyandotte chieftain was the father
And the fair daughter of an eloquent

Preacher of the gospel was the mother ;
And song and story tell of intellect,
And of beauty as a rich endowment
Of daughters of such romance origin.

A meeting of Rajah, man and maiden,
The girl, vivid in beauty, firm in poise ;
And robustly sensitive, the young man.
The father's brow darkened ; his eyes, fashioned
To conceal, instantly covered their depths ;
For his dove with the violet-gray eyes
Had given a joyous smile of welcome
To this son of Spanish-English parents.
He took from her hand the bow and arrow,
And sped the gray-feathered missive afar
To the centre of the high hanging shield,
Half hidden midst the great cedar branches.

But the chief was not trapped into a smile ;
For a jealous instinct of protection
Was alert to hold this precious daughter
To himself ; she, the one beautiful link
Left to tell the tale of a zealous love,
Wedlock and the almost fierce fireside joys ;
And then the farewell to pale Angelique—
Woman of fair brow and gentle manners,
With a golden gift of ministration,
A daily setting forth of Christian faith.

Spring in the Northland is a late comer,
But the cold brilliant blue and silver skies,
Toning into richest sunset colors

Away on the far edge of the prairie
At nightfall, and the tingling frosty air
At length change to warmth of hue and feeling,
And man and nature stir with new life.

The rose-purple haze of early budding
Gave place to tender green of bursting leaf,
And the forest floor showed a consonance
Of color—blossoms springing ev'rywhere—
And in joy Sebastian and Amalia
Went forth, part of the divine harmony;
Scarcely touching with swiftly flying feet
The crowns of the stones in the full river
They crossed; the swishing rush of the water
While a part was also a refreshing
Variance in the crescendo of song
Of the springtime of their hearts and the year
The rocky walls running along the stream
Bore on their fronts masses of tender vines
And newly greening twigs and damp mosses,
Giving forth a wild delicious fragrance,
Which the hurrying winds carried afar.

Amalia's Indian blood bore her onward
In an easy advance of her lover,
'Till she reached a point far up the stream
Where, sitting on a half hidden boulder
She awaited him, and the water rippling
Over the toe of her boot, face aglow
In setting of dark luxuriant hair.

Somewhat crestfallen at being distanced,
At length the young man, out of breath, sat down

By the splendidly vital girl, saying :
"As a vanishing dream, swift and silent,
You lead on and are gone, only leaving
The echo of your footfalls, like faintest
Perfume in your path, a trail to follow."

Answered the loyal daughter of the chief :
"I love to chase o'er hills and through tangles
Like a wild doe ; I love the great untamed,
The vast wilderness chorusing in voice
Of penetrative spirit-sympathy.
Wild nature is sonorous harmony.
No king of beasts or birds would do me harm,
For my mother's gentle blood diffuses
Kindness e'en when commingled with the wild ;
It courses in my veins a wise Mentor.

"I would you had known her, my pale mother ;
A devouring flame was my father's love .
For her ; its intensity consumed her.
And, Sebastian, he holds me with the grip
Of a dying man ; I am hers and his.
At times, when he sitting near worships me,
My body is a-quiver with strange thrills,
Not of fear, for no coward element
Goes to my making ; the rather is it
The activity of Good—the kind author
Of my life, to whom I trustingly fly
With such sweet confidence—a loving child ;
Then in him there follows a gentleness,
He a child, and I, like mother, leading.
Think you he will ever give me to you ?"

"Yes, when he finds a gaining in the giving,
That you are more Amalia with myself
Added thereto; then the old chief will feel
That the hills of the happy hunting-grounds
Are round about him, the Great Spirit near."

The list'ner's face was bright with happiness;
Sebastian confidently came closer,
Pressed her two cheeks with his warm hands, saying:
"Precious one! How our hearts leap with the Spring!
The buds of hope are bursting into flower,
All is one boundless world of harmony."
Then her hand in his: "How sweet this concord!
Music is not outward sound but inward
Concept and response of pure melody;
The outward ear need not reflect a tone!"

"Oh, 'tis wonderful!" exclaimed Amalia;
"I know 'twas great Beethoven's spirit heard!"

He smiled in brooding silence, then went on:
"Yes, Music is spiritual harmony.
Vibration of units affinitive,
Sensitively set to a master key;
Even the deep bass of the lion's roar
Is part of the triumphant symphony
Of divine Nature, kingdom of concord.
It is mental—color and light, kindled
Into pulsations by the living heart;
Witness Mozart's soul, a luminous pearl
Momently reflecting all melody.
How delicately in accord he was

With the Infinite psalmodist sublime !
For only so could he with one moment's
Vision enjoy the whole orchestral sweep
Of a theme that possessed him. Vision,
I have called it ; rather, 'tis impression
On consciousness, whether by sight or sound
Or touch of concept inspirational.
The elements of harmony must be
Pure color or tone : In the universe
Is no nicer symbol of it than Light—
Glorious whole of color, sacred Lyric,
Of old, the morning stars sang together."

"You are in deep water, my metaphrast,"
Said the girl, stooping to gather a fern.
When she lifted her head a flute-like chord,
A symphony, sounded in heart of each,
Their meeting eyes singing the song of it ;
Illustration of harmony, music,
More eloquent than all his fine phrases,
And the moments of silence following
More sweetly impressive than vocal tone.

These two were fashioned as like and unlike,
Were two vital parts of one perfect tone.
They first met in the far-away old world,
Where the Wyandott chieftain and daughter
Dwelt all the rounding years of her girlhood.

On the banks of Western rivers were told
Strange stories of American Indians,
How, in remote times, they and the swarthy

Men of the East drew the same mother's milk.
And the red man of the West longed to see
The palms and plains of the old kindred-land.
They crossed the seas and on o'er hoary lands,
Whose plains and hills were richly adorned
With pink anemones, and cyclamen,
Oleanders and tall golden iris;
Stood entranced before tow'rs and minarets,
In pale-rose-tinted marbles rich as gems,
Precious, in carvings like fine wrought laces
Adorning robe of earth's purest Queen;
Climbed the mountain paths where roams the ibex,
And strange birds find quiet place for their nest;
And passed strange peoples, whose lives seemed to be
All wreathed about with garlands of poppies,
Whose brown faces were as in sleep, save for
The dark eyes, like wells centuries in depth.
In the far sunrise gates the pale wife fell;
The little Amalia weeping, at seven;
And from thence leading the almost savage
Father, for only the child subdued him.

Beautiful were her lessons in letters,
And in religion under Zaretta,
With dark dream eyes of noblest India,
With understanding ablaze with the Truth
Unfolded to her Oriental mind
By simple mission teaching of the Christ.
The years multiplied, the bud developed.
At length came womanhood and a longing
For the plains of far-off America,
The wonderland she breathless learned about

When, on those days that are India itself,
Long days whose very feel of atmosphere
Is mystery, Zaretta dreamily
Pictured the glory of her birth-country;
And when, unafraid, she went with "Rajah"
To wild bits of wooded plain and mountains,
And they sat down in the leaves, he holding
Her tender hand with such tremendous force
It was well nigh crushed; while not a murmur
Escaped the lips of the loyal learner
As he simply told her of the hunters,
His tribesmen, the great forests, the rivers
And the "much-big" ocean of long grasses
In which ran wise and swift, the prairie fowl;
Then followed long silences, till the girl
Roused him and led him back to Zaretta.

While they strolled in Persia, came the lover.
'Twas on a wide-flung plateau of roses—
Roses of wealth of color and fragrance
Whose scent intoxicates the orient
Till it dreams; and the blending crushed petals
Come forth as silken rugs, embodiment
Of soft persuasive harmonic colors.

And here, Sebastian wandered, scarce conscious
Of a sense material or earthbound;
And here, all distinct from the pervading
Somnolent life, devoid of ambition,
Face to face, he met princess Amalia,
Princess by very right of endowment.
The strong touch of her presence awaked him

To wonder why she was here in the midst
Of oriental tintings and fragrance;
For that one first moment of her coming
Into his consciousness was a touching
Of the chords of melody familiar,
A subtle undertone of "Home, Sweet Home;"
A Home he had known far across the seas,
High-overarched by wide blue open skies
And furnished with breath of vital wildness;
And lo! the note supreme leaped into life
And the lyric of his being was perfect.
In the midst of blossoms joy and perfume,
The sojourn in the East drew to a close;
But the tense chord that bound the longtime friends,
Strange Indian trio, kindred in spirit,
Almost refused to lengthen for distance,
For the bond was friendship's own and truest,
And cried out for the warm human contact.

But the wise love-reflecting Zaretta
Mind aglow with active intelligence,
With pathetic dream eyes—windows of soul—
Feet planted on soil of the orient
Must stay for her awaking sisters' help,
Her heart glad in its ministry of truth.
And Amalia's bright face was turned to her
As she stood under mellow Indian sky
In the fragrant mantle of loyalty,
Bravely turned to her, and there was kindled
A fire of gratitude within her heart,
A sweet incense of appreciation,
For Zaretta's years of loving guidance,

Whose flame would glow though seas divided them.
And she said her farewell and kept her watch
Till the loved form vanished in the distance ;
Then sails full blown with elixir of hope,
They sped to the old Rajah's Paradise
Beside the full flowing Western rivers.

From the dreamy indolence of the East,
To the West beginning to move in dream,
Is a far stretch, but there is a subtle
Kinship, the quietude of dormant earth,
In a sense 'tis nature unteased by man ;
The former wraps her drapery about her
And seems to lie in a forever sleep ;
While the outward silence of the latter
Seems to urgently cry out for action—
At bay, but ready to leap all restraint.

Time had wrought changes for the Wyandottes ;
There had been Councils and land-dividing,
And the marching of tribes to new frontiers.
Still they loved peace, knew something of mercy,
Could spread the deerskin for an enemy ;
Delighted, as of yore, in the cheerful
Notes of the flute, and in the hoarser sound
Of the turtle-shell in the melody,
Making the thick forest vocal with joy.

The returned chief found his people astir,
Waking to the voice of enlightenment,
Smoking the Peace-pipe with the Pale-face.
Increasingly sacred ties were forming

Between the noblest types of the red race,
With hearts eager to respond to honor,
Whose very faith in an unknown Spirit
Made good soil for the seed of Christian faith,
And those fair people having high concept
Of the brotherhood of all the Nations.

In early days the old Chieftain's tribesmen
Had "much-big number," more than the grains of corn
That rounded up the great measuring tray,
Standing in the foreground of the wigwam
When each one dropped his grain on counting day;
Great undivided Wyandotte Nation!

So by the head waters of Great Rivers,
The Chieftain and his fine earnest daughter
Proudly met the remnant of their people
And took up with them simple nature-life.
Full fruition followed Springtime budding;
Love was enthroned in the young heart's kingdom;
Purpling vineyards smiled under Autumn sun;
But the old Chief's face was dark and glow'ring
Hinting savage revenge in embryo,
And Amalia and the lover were wise
And enjoyed their visits in his presence,
For theirs would be no match in strategy
Pitted against the wiles of a chieftain
Whose blood still held a taint of the savage;
While they had a keen unspoken feeling
That the passion, jealousy, was equal
To traitor's silken gown and hidden steel.

The daughter used all bright wit and tender
Soothing to ease the heart of the father.
Often, while sitting on the bramble slope
Above the quiet lake in the moonlight
They listened almost sadly for the song of the owl,
Still 'twas sadness with a misty lining
Of the glad, for 'twas echo from towers,
The shadowy tow'rs of Ahasiab,
Broken silent and lone where the owl sang
His moonlight watch-song in distant Persia,
And the bards of the ever-fading past,
Whose mystic songs Zaretta knew so well,
Moved like ghosts in the pale uncertain light
Made dim or expectant by passing clouds.
And then they talked of Zaretta, faithful,
Bearing to the modest shrine fresh roses,
The Angelique shrine in that ancient land ;
And Rajah was once more the kind father :
And the days were a sunrise or sunset.

There was stillness in the November air,
Which was a conglomerate of vapor ;
An incense of Nature's ripened juices,
Bracing and delicious satisfaction ;
And Amalia, returning from her long
Ramble, strength and joy were in her stepping,
And her face a psalm of light and glory,
Picturing of the divine in Nature ;
Her drapery, all crimson and golden
Interwove with saffron and pale blue tint
Brought together by touches of soft rose,
Fell from her shoulders in royal foldings,

And was donned in memory of the East,
And of Zaretta, lover of color.

The purple of the approaching ev'ning
Was quietly displacing the warm light
Of retreating day, when the girl, conscious
Of an element of awe about her,
Passed near a clump of sumach bushes,
The spirit ear attentively list'ning;
Not a twig moved, nor seemed there breath of beast
Or man with soft expulsion to disturb
The silence; but a voice of urgent power
Spake within her own breast the word, "Beware!"

Gathering her scarf away from the bushes
And moving a little out of the path,
She saw before her Sebastian asleep
On his wolfskin spread under an alder—
A wonted enjoyment e'en in the frost—
And her father arrayed in the trappings
Of Indian royalty, now seldom worn,
In headband and silver bobs and feathers,
Thirty silver half-moons hanging over
His shoulders; the talisman of his tribe,
Hieroglyph turtle-shell, on his breast,
And girded round with precious wampum belt;
His feet in moccasins, green silken lined.
Her cheek turned pale, to icy streams her blood,
For in his raised hand was the tomahawk,
And in his eye the demon of vengeance.
She spake, her voice sudden, fearless command:
"O Rajah! stay thy hand, demon lifted!

Hear, Rajah! 'Tis wonderful how, even
In the act, the Great Spirit halts us!
And takes the tomahawk from the ugly hand,
As His great Christ takes it out of our hearts,
And He is one holy passion of Love;
And this tomahawk," which she firmly grasped,
"Is Hate, and has no edge when met by Love."

The Indian's face turned a livid ashy
Yellow. Rent by the demon he uttered
A cry that rose to the very heavens
And fell at her feet broken and vanquished.
Then, her beautiful eyes lifted to catch
The reflection of God's protective smile,
She said in sweet humility, whose base
Was obedience: "I thank thee, O Father!
Thou ever-present 'Help of the helpless'."
She dropped beside her parent, stroked his brow,
Calling him "Rajah"—name of endearment
He loved on her lips—"Rajah, he is gone!
The monster, hate and jealousy, is fled;
Your "dove with the violet eyes" loves you;
Come, ere the sun closes his eye to sleep,
Come home with your children, son and daughter;
I love you alone, one golden measure,
When I hold Sebastian's hand two measures;
The much-big trays used on the counting days
Will be so small the love will spill over,
And Rajah will be one swift antelope
Leaping glad to drink the rivers of it."

Sebastian was kneeling close at her side
And when the old chieftain's eyelids lifted,
Revealing a smile in the bead-like eye,
He raised the Indian's head, saying: "Father,
The Great Spirit placed high in the heavens
The moon and the stars and the mighty sun,
A great orchestra of light and glory;
The Great Spirit made a brighter glory
Than the stars by night and the sun by day,
For He made Amalia, and gave her thee—
A crown of honor. She, loyal and brave,
Shows forth His greatness in ratio of her own
Reflection of His spirit and His love;
And this intelligence neither the stars
Nor sun inanimate do know aught of,
She is honored with the grace for following
After wisdom, and joy follows her way.
Glad am I, with her, to give you 'tendance."

The last drop of savage blood had vanished,
The Christ-like compassion had consumed it.
The unbending restrained heart was melted,
And the eyes, re-born, eloquently spoke
His new resolve in a baptism of tears.

The morning came up out of fleeing night
In a chariot of shell-rose and gold,
With banners of opal and of azure,
Bringing with it an autumn air of balm
And all fitting grace for the bridal morn;
And flute and bird notes piped the wedding march;
And the Rajah's blessing was their crowning.

THE HYMN IN THE FOREST

Back o'er sleeping meadows sunkist,
Through long vistas of morn and eventide,
Back to unbroken forests stalwart,
Standing in picturesque battalia;
Robed in shimmering gold and silver,
In lavish outlay of emerald,
Or in the autumn battles with wind
And frost, a holocaust in vivid red,
The brilliance putting a glow of light
On others royal in darkest wine—
Battalions of protection mighty,
Standing in strength and vigor amidst
The hills and streams of regnant Nature.
Back when the pearls of dew reflected
Only unrestricted forms and colors;
The air delicious with the aroma
Of a thousand flowers—fragrance diffused
For the pure delight of spilling sweets—
And winging birds in all brilliant hues
Sped by the breath of rapturous song,
Nor faltered in fear of hidden harm,
Shone vivid 'gainst the azure heavens;
Back to hour of unbroken concord
And majestic beauty, proclaiming
Creator whose mind is symmetry
And works attuned to the key of joy;

Back to the Schoenbrunn!—beautiful spring!—
And there she stands! Gray Eaglet; her scarf,
A blue wind-filled diaphonous sail,
Reflecting a keen sky of autumn—
Winter courier with cold banners
Come to greet my lady October!
In her palm she lifts the bright water
And drinks the pure delicious coolness;
From the finger tips shakes the remnant drops,
The globules falling into the lake
Helping and sharing its abundance.
Glorious Gray Eaglet! gathering leaves
Down fallen from the Linden bowers
And wreathing her robe all round about
With the ovates of sun-lighted gold!

A light breeze sways the forest branches,
And bees hum their hymn of industry,
And sip the sweets of the late blossoms.

Eaglet's wide-set eyes see the beauty
Of the vast kingdom of harmony
Enfolding her in a majestic
Tenderness—an undisturbed Nature.
Not only is she keen of vision,
But is acquainted with regal thoughts,
And daring and swift-winged in action,
Descended from the remote Eagle,
Whose plain footprints on the deep-down rocks,
Washed by blue and vast sweeping waters,
Write him one of the first families
Of proud and regal America.

To-day the dream is less a lazy,
Fragrant balm poised in the atmosphere,
Than sails wafted by spicy delight
Of progression, eager to give out
Secrets brought from the far mountains,
Whose tops are lost in a blue haze of sky.

Now Gray Eaglet, sitting near the spring
At the foot of the declivity,
Feels the delicious stir about her,
And with dancing eyes and eager feet
Springs from her revery, and forward
To her canoe, leashed to a young elm—
Its crown reflected on the surface
Of the lake in swirl of gracefulness,—
The young deer, gentle and unafraid,
Browsing near; in coat, a beautiful
Spotted fawn, listens and follows her—
For hills, foxgloves and asters, bright-hued
Birds and the roan, antlered roebuck
Are at one with man in primeval
Friendliness of trust and loyalty—
Follows her and holds her in his eyes,
Liquid brown depths suggesting pathos.

The beautiful birch boat speeds away,
Gray and swift like a young eagle's flight,
And back to the shore comes the refrain,
In mellow contralto rich in color,
"O Non De Yoh! O Non De Yoh!
Spirit,

Lord and King,
O Non De Yoh, I praise Thee!"
Her blue scarf a misty, full-blown sail,
Vanishing from sight in the distance,
Speeding Eaglet and her soul in song,
And setting the echoes to sweet chimes
Whose symphony floats down the ages,
The Psalm, "O Non De Yoh, I praise Thee"!

II

In the days when the beautiful vale
Of the Tuscarawas, long and wide,
Was vast stretch of majestic forest,
Beech and linden, oak and conifer
Swaying, sighing in a recital
Of prophecy, that intruding winds
Wafted over distant mountain peaks,
While beasts and birds and flowers dreamed
'Neath the shadow of their wide-flung arms.
And the stately, imperial iris,—
Gallantly guarded by her pale green
Sword-leaves—with her purple gauze petals
Drooping about her like wings at rest,
Serried, wide-flung plateaus of delight;
Trilliums and the sweet violets
And the white and rosy long-stemmed phlox;
Gay-plumaged birds and dusky maidens,
The red deer, and the red men, brothers,
All in this cool shadowy palace
Shared the flickering sunshine falling
Through foliated over-arches,

And the halls where silence was ever
Silence vocal: sometimes with dreamy
Suggestion of tone in protoplasm
Arranging its elements into
Lullaby, like sweet, perfumed water
Flowing o'er rocks into mossy bed,
And sometimes corridors resounding
In antiphonal of thunder-crash—
Nature's majestic harmonics, all—
Sprites and nymphs and Flora's favorites
Marshalled into one list'ning conclave.

On the threshold of this vast palace,
Rested feet far-come from other climes.
Blue eyes from under ledge of pale brow
Peered down the long vistas of beauty,
And read the Great Spirit's glad command:
"Lift up ye gates! Ye great doors fly wide!
Enter brave messenger of wisdom!"
List! from hill to hill the echoes fly,
"O Non De Yoh, I praise Thee!"

The "brave messenger" gathered all this
Nature-people round him in wonder;
And Gray Eaglet, young, slender, came close,
Stroked his sleeve, then sitting at his feet
Fixed her searching eyes upon him,
Heard the message of the Great Spirit
Falling in song-cadence from the lips
Of the messenger—sweet words of love
That touched her heart with a joy of life;
Strange, yet a wondrous benediction;

New, yet a light that enveloped her,
And she was lifted into a realm
Where thought is enrobed in a garment
Of letters, and stands out tangible.
The Christ, the Truth, had kindled her heart,
And it sang with simple, untutored
Joy and reverence, the glorious song
"O Non De Yoh, I praise Thee!"
And the mission-man brought to the chief,
Fabrics soft in texture, bright in color,
To lure attention and confidence.
From out these gifts Eaglet seized the scarf,
Aerial and heavenly blue,
Softly invisible like unto
Vanishing incense from an altar,
And wrapped it round her in filmy folds.

And the mission grew, and at the foot
Of the declivity—near the spring,
The Schoenbrunn, in cool crystal flowing
Out through the web of roots of linden
And elm, onward hast'ning to the lake—
Was built the chapel, and from its tower,
Modest, but pointing to heaven's blue,
The bell sent sweet harmony afloat
On all the winds that swept the valley,
Rolling, flower-embroidered valley,
Through which the Tuscarawas wandered—
First church bell to enrich Ohio's
Forest with the sweet hymnal echoes.

Gray Eaglet, the contralto songbird,
In birch canoe loved to skim the lake
Waking silver ripples on its surface,
In rhythm with the coming of the dawn,
As it sailed to the sleeping valley
With sunrise kisses, pledge of new life,
To fling in wake of rosy flushes
On the thousand leafy minarets
Crowning like a glory all the hills ;
For her spirit was in unison
With flowing waters, the dawn and song.
And Netawatwes, the Delaware,
Smiled, in thought, when her glorious song
Made silver chimes of all the echoes—
His deeper tones rounding the chorus.

And these nature-men, simple and strong,
Met God's other people—with blue eyes
And hair of golden bronze, and fervid
Hearts impelling eager, zealous minds—
And stirring peace illuminated
By the lamp of learning, reigned a queen ;
And the valley was in transition.
And here no bold specious artifice
Of civilized man came to thrust blade
Of steel into the sinews of trust
Of the simple, unafraid Redman.
So all the wide plains and hills gave up
The charter of their lavish wildness,
And their majestic oaks were laid low ;
From their loins were hewn the architraves
And pillars for the Halls of Justice,

Whose panels were of their cedar trees.
And in the Tuscarawas valley
Nestled hamlets, wide-thrown from the hand
Of the Great Spirit, where dwelt in peace
A people of quiet industry,
And of charming trust and simple ways.
In Gnadenhutten, tents of grace,
Beautiful Moravian hymns arose,
A curfew at setting of the sun ;
In Lichtenau, whole armies of gay
Jonquils danced o'er her sunlit meadows ;
And Salem, the serene and quaint, sat
In the midst of the moss-green valley,
Bordered with frill of wild hyacinths,
Like modest young Quakeress, in cap,
With blush and joy coyly held in check.

III

In stately steppings the years pass by
And change is written on the forehead
Of Nature, and her bosom nurtures
Strange children. Cornfields cover the hills ;
The gentle fawn is now a startled
Creature with ears alert, in refuge
In some still-spared thicket of hazels ;
And flowers are set in trim borders ;
And wild roses and forget-me-nots
In thoughtful grace cover Eaglet's dust,
And he who rises to greet the dawn,
Hears the birds in circles over it,
In rapture, sing in sweetest carols—
"O Non De Yoh, I praise Thee!"

From out the years, and from far-distant
Prairies, comes another Gray Eaglet,
Seeking the Schoenbrunn, beautiful spring,
The lake, and the gliding birch canoe—
On her breast a knot of filmy gauze,
Ethereal, like the vanishing
Incense from an altar of prayer—
To visit the shrine of Gray Eaglet,
Daughter of that flown and peaceful past.

The Tuscarawas glides ever on,
And all the valley stretches wide,
But gone are foxglove and aster ;
And the Schoenbrunn of an undisturbed
Nature withdrew, when the forest fled,
And sought protected outlet through the
Friendly fissures under ground ;
And the little lake perished from thirst.

From out the years comes no familiar
Voice of greeting? Are the ages past
Locked in a grim silence eternal?

Ah, hark! Gray Eaglet of the present,
With longing heart wistful and tender,
The beatitudes of truth and peace
Unfold wide wings over all these plains,
Stretching from that long-past Century
And its daughter, whose grace quickened
Into activity of blessing—
Poet and teacher in the wildwood—
Gray Eaglet of the diaphanous

Scarf, weaving broideries of sunlit
Ovates, down fallen from the linden ;
And who, first of all that mission, took
The Truth into her understanding,
Because her child heart was simple trust,
And of purity white as the snow.
And the valley was attuned to her
Key of praise ; and all the people, pale
And warm of hue, joined in her chorus
 " Spirit,
 Lord and King, I praise Thee !"

And e'en now, on soft ev'nings, mellow
Notes of rest rising into triumph,
Make sacred the hour of moonrise,
And with hushed hearts the wide valley thinks
" Gray Eaglet sails by in cloud canoe
And the stars sail with her rejoicing ;"
And the church bell sounds in interlude
Calling in sweet, solemn tone to prayer.
While the Tuscarawas onward flows
Its quiet rippling part of the hymn.
And far contralto notes, rich and strong,
Carry the melody to His ear
Who sitteth on the arch of heaven,
Dispensing blessing, honor, and power—
" O Non De Yoh, O Non De Yoh,
 Spirit,
 Lord and King, I praise Thee !"

With unfurled wing she flies
Athwart the ev'ning's silent hush,
Across the deep blue skies.
Her cloud canoe speeds swift and far,
Ethereal gauze her sail,
Up, up, her song to heaven's door,
Touching with grace the vale.

Gray Eaglet flies
Athwart the skies ;
The deep blue arches ring ;
Time beats are told by wing.
 Oh, rich and strong
 It floats along,
The far contralto song.

The melody to His ear
Is winged with truth, and clear ;
Blessing and honor now
Crown regally her brow.
Let Eaglet sing His praise—
“O Non De Yoh!” let her sing—
“O Non De Yoh, I praise Thee,
 Spirit, Lord and King.”



LOVE'S GUERDON

The air was laden with delicious fragrance
Like to that which touched to sweet sounds Sapho's lyre,
In the fair, long-past hyacinthean days,
For 'twas Maytime in Tuscarawas valley ;
And the slumbrous Moravian village
Rested under canopy of fruit blossoms
And with pink and blue hyacinths at her feet.

In joyous rev'rance walked the band of pilgrims
Over the grassy paths to the gray cottage,
With its Dutch gables and door of wide welcome,
Snugly nestled 'gainst the tall fence of iron
Which encircled the solemn burial ground
Where rested the dust of the early Fathers
Also the ashes of the Convert Indians.

The morning sunlight had but touched the treetops,
When, at the weather-beaten door, Rodolphus
Asked admittance, by a forced-gentle knocking ;
Then, to stand beside the mound of Indian dust
In the midst of the still Garden of the Dead.
And the stately and venerable woman,
The widow of Abraham Blickensderfer,
With a hand that spoke of blessing and of power,
Took from its brass hook near the southern window
The ponderous key, whose persuasive turning

For three-score springtimes had unlocked the great gates
Of the picturesque little burial ground.

With a smile as if from a far-off dreamland
And a voice like the flow of refreshing waters,
She bade the maiden Ulrica turn the key
And guide the pilgrims along the quiet paths.
When her simple gown, russet-green in color
Brushed past him, Rodolphus, trembling, held his breath;
And standing by the heaped-up mound, covered o'er
With last year's locust pods entangled with leaves,
She, Ulrica, stooping, gathered a great thorn
And gave it him, her eyes of hyacinth blue
Looking mistily into the depths of his;
Her lips murmuring, "Oh, these thorns pierce the heart,
For they ever bring to mind the cruel wrong!"

Humbly he took the thorn, and hand that held it,
His heart pierced by a burning cruel arrow—
Cruel! since both bliss and pain followed Love's dart—
He found words: "My heart is tempest; thine is rest;
Ah! I would keep thee, thorn and all, Ulrica!"

The pilgrims went their way; fell the evening dark.
The awakened maiden wandered o'er the paths,
Murmuring: "Here he walked, the tall Rodolphus;
Here his pale gray eyes were like fire—shining love;
Here he said—Ah God! I know not to say it,
But he loved me. He is gone! I am alone!"
The beautiful pink hyacinths on her cheeks
Turned pale. The summer days put on their glory;
And when she showed new guests the burial ground,

Ever she strove not to take up the great thorns
That wild storms had riven from the locust trees.

And he, the pilgrim, smitten one, the lover,
Walked away to his far mountain-home country
The joy of love a pang, a thorn, within his breast.
There was a battle on between his honor
And the response of his being to true love.
He and the blonde Bertha of the near foot-hills
Had been companions always, and were "promised";
But his heart cried to heaven for Ulrica.
He essayed to lose the material thorn
Which, gray and long, pricked in his tunic pocket,
But his captured will granted not the parting.
At length he reached his fragrant, embowered home,
A low cottage clinging to the mountain side,
And barred himself in from an intrusive world
And sought in text-book philosophy to bar
Concession to an insistent consciousness—
Ulrica and the cruel thorn, and behind,
Ever standing, the palely endowed Bertha
In shadow, mutely protesting and pleading.

And she, tending the lambs of her father's flock,
Preparing the long wool for the worsted cloth,
Thinking the while that Rodolphus was long gone,
At last awoke to wonder why he came not.
And the days lengthened, and it was midsummer.
In all the past they had been contented mates;
Their only world had been the two rustic homes
And the long winding pathway that lay between.
Theirs had been an early childhood promising

And no day had ever been so impelling
As to make the long bond firmer and closer.

The heavy clusters pendant from his grapevines
In response to sun-touch were purple and sweet
And the cool ev'nings of vintage time loomed near
When Rodolphus, pale and with burdened footsteps
Sought the hillside where Bertha tended her flock;
When he drew near she turned and hastened from him,
But in the sunset hour they stood together
In gray mood, by a bit of hedge near the fold,
And when he spake of Ulrica and the thorn
There was a glistening of steel in her mild eyes
And she said: "I hold your promise. Go your way:
For I hold you are bound beyond the loosing."
And she fled homeward thro' the dark'ning shadows.
He, vaguely thinking and stepping, wandered back
To his crisping vines and heavy-hanging fruit,
His comfortless philosophy, and closed door.
This comfortless study in abstruse writing
Was sought only to aid a forgetfulness;
'Twould be a sure barrier, kind and opaque
And shut out the appealing, life-carrying
Thought, that, like an embodied vision of joy,
Waited before his heart, seeking admission.

He held as sacred a betrothal promise;
The pure gold of the fibre of loyalty,
So his heart knew, would ever stand untarnished.
He had not sought Ulrica; insistent love,
His being, all unknowing, enfolded her:
And she was purity white, high-souled and warm,

Clothed in simplicity of rugged garments.
And man and maid stood upon a base of truth—
These mated two made ideal unity.
“Ah God!” he cried; “I cannot be disloyal
To my love, for love is truth and constancy.
Yet I have this long promise to another—
A good girl—my friend—worthy of all kindness.”

Spring had come again and the blossoms were sweet,
For 'twas Maytime in Tuscarawas valley,
And in the eventime, the far, brilliant stars
Spoke to Ulrica at her open'd casement—
They, reigning in beauty and constancy of poise
In the blue sky, high-throned above all changes,
All the dust-laden atmospheric turmoil
Emitting peace and light, elemental strength,
And she was conscious of joyous fortitude
Of something she knew not how to analyze
But reverently thought: “It is a God-gift.”
Happy Ulrica! Her attentive spirit
Felt the touch of the Divine love revealing
Constancy as a never-flitting angel,
And Love as the quick'ning spring and sustenance
Of universal life which could not falter—
And she knew Rodolphus had not forgotten,
Though ne'er an echo had come from the far hills.

Her early song again in tune with the birds,
Was a joy to the lark, and to her grandame.
She had been reared in sweet Bible ways of trust
And the sure sight of faith knew her loved one true.
Moments leap to years in great soul-encounter;

And in seeming these two had wandered as one
Through the deep vales of profound experience.
The Future became Present and then the Past,
And Ulrica's life was a brave psalm of hope;
And she sang her tender, honest requiem
For the martyred Indians into many hearts;
Planting thornless roses of a sweet fragrance
All round about the burial enclosure,
To regale the villagers and all pilgrims.
Joyous Ulrica! These only saw blessing
And power as fruit of loving trust and service.
At length had passed many years of garnering
And face and mien pictured the golden riches.

Simple Bertha of the pastures nursed her "wrong,"
Nor could she yield a farthing's worth of justice.
She lived under the law of "eye for an eye,"
With no high outlook reaching to the stars,
Till at length her narrow face knew not to smile.
Her bound heart knew nothing of the freedom-beat
Following a sacrifice and forgiveness,
But ever begged a moiety of pity.

And Rodolphus, whose conscience, over-zealous,
Magnified so as to shut out clear vision,
In monk-like fashion denied himself all joy,
But read and re-read the letter of his bond,
Though a subconscious song of joy filled his heart,
And nightly the winds whispered Ulrica's name.

Long years of vintage passed on their purple way,
And his locks whiten'd during the long still frosts,

And philosophy was exchanged for painting;
 For round about him were the reposeful hills,
 A sure enfoldment of suggestive beauty;
 And ever his refinement of sympathy
 Waxed greater, and he was in touch with Spirit.
 Reverently he felt the creative breath,
 Its constant impellment to activity,
 Till, soul on fire, he enkindled the canvas!

Ah those pictures!—abounding sincerity—
 Singing their song of proportion and beauty,
 Of a satisfied mightiness of forest,
 Of light as a joy, and of right perspective;
 Also of life-giving wide spaces of air;
 Choruses of protesting resignation,
 As tempestuous waves driven from a wide
 Ocean freedom into a land-locked harbor.
 The mighty sons of nature, with patient ear
 Close laid 'gainst the door of her lab'oratories,
 Are the alembic in which master-secrets
 Are made transparent to the awaiting thought,
 And as well to the mind in dreamless repose.

So stood out the developed Rodolphus' soul
 Upon canvas in marvellous portraiture—
 Reams of canvas in stacks round about his home—
 The exceeding abundant answer to faith.
 Here were patience, command, spiritual sight,
 Living refined color of purified thought;
 Grace, the reflection of harmonic nature.
 Seems it that divine intelligence of Good
 Barred Love's pathway to bequeath this legacy;

Barred, but Love held there—unquenchable fuel,
Warming the roots of progressive production—
The flame beneath the refining crucible.

In the equipment for master-workmanship
All weakling attendants—impedimenta—
Were denied. The spirit-bond between himself
And a virgin world, in unison with Love,
And a master-culturist named "Art" stood forth—
Rodolphus all unmindful of the wonder.
The years in their ever-moving pageantry
Halted that they might set a seal of blessing;
For the mature corn was burnished and golden,
And bright were Ulrica's blossoms in the midst.

Quick came a summons sweeping down the valley,
And Bertha answered, wafting back on the winds,
"Release! The Shepherd calls to greener pastures!"

Crowned with blessing of freedom and attainment,
Rodolphus set out for the Tuscarawas
Whose banks were a glory of fragrant color—
Forty years of apple blossoms and Springtime,
And of sweetness of cherishing constancy.

The thorns of the long-ago burial ground
Were covered with soft-scented, whit'ning blossoms.
Ulrica, in wondrous springtime drapery—
For she came forth clothed in abundance of life—
Opened the door of the gray-gabled cottage
With glad hand, while the eyes shone like melting pearl,
And met her lover with the inhering poise

Of the stars that nightly lighted her casement.
And—despite all the years and the silvered hair—
In greatly refined manhood he stood revealed,
The tall Rodolphus, his gray eyes shining love!
His strong arms bearing a wealth of sentiment—
Red roses and lilacs quiv'ring with fragrance,
While in shadow 'midst the clustering petals
Lay misty clouds of hyacinth blue.

NOTE

A lasting picture on memory's wall is that of a visit the author made, one May, to the picturesque village of Gnadenhüten (German for "Tents of Grace") in Tascarawas County, Ohio. Here in the midst of the burial ground stands the monument erected to the memory of the one hundred Christian Indians, who were enticed by promises of good treatment into two houses and killed by a company of white men, in March, 1782.

The best men of that day denounced the treachery in unsparing language.

M. McD. S.

POESY

Poesy—a compelling art—
In putting forth the truth a moving power
Fetching the heart ;
E'en philosophy becomes a winsome flower
In such setting.

Thou art the violet,
Lasting offering of beauty and delight.
A thought in coronet ;
Oftener than all other learning might
Wearing laurel crown.

Thou art sonorous music ; the shepherd's flute
Across the sandy down ;
Of sweet friendship, the wine of juicy root.
Thou art the blossoming of grace,
Thy fragrance clinging like constancy.

INDICES

Our loves are indices.
I had a sister ; her soul was beautiful
Like the valley lilies
She watered tenderly, and loved and wore.
Her thought was sterling worth
Expressed in animated loveliness ;
Her service regal grace ;
Nor took she note of it as sacrifice,
 E'en in lowliest office.

More precious than all lilies the two babes
Placed within the arms of her solicitude.
Inextricably her fingers clung to them ;
And so her clinging thought was.
About her heart-strings love entwined them
'Till night came forward in silent sandals
And the summons-angel touched the harp ;
And chords forgot to vibrate, fingers to hold.
 How she loved them !
Sterling worth and tender grace,
The lilies and her little ones.

BEAUTY

Dear Lord, Thy world is beautiful
'Tis pure and wide and sweet,
Its hills are fine, its meads are fair;
Here strength and beauty meet.

One morn I watched the dawning come
Soft stepping out of night;
A quiet ripple on the Sound,
Touched here and there with light.

The mountain's majesty sublime,
Wrapped in a cloud of mist;
The vapor veiled the tow'ring head;
By it the feet were kist.

And then the gray awoke with joy,
The mists were crimson-red;
The Bay a sheet of crimson lay;
The mists and it were wed;

The texture, in its warp and woof,
Ethereal, remote;
A sound of breath, a touch, a stir,
Naught would be there to note.

A daring lark now burst in song
And winged its skyward way;
The crimson 'bashed forgot its hue
And morn was azure-gray.

I climbed the mount in very joy,
The sound lay far below.
A moving web of humming birds,
In iridescent glow.

I stood upon the crest's high floor,
Lo, breath of song stood still!
A bed of violets was spread
Near crags upon that hill!

A mass of royal beauty, pearled
With shining tears of dew,
Smiled up to me their wealth of thoughts,
Dear violets in blue.

In rev'rent thought, I stood, dear Lord,
Touched with their preciousness;
Of all that lavish morning's wealth
These chiefest were to bless.

A high and far-receding sky;
A mighty peak alone;
From awesomeness the place took on
The tender warmth of home.

Nothing, in all Thy nature-world,
Such nearness seems to have,
Such modesty, such sweetness, grace,
Such wealth of precious love.

Their hearts, their faces, touch our own
In innocent appeal,

And that their gift to bless, with ours,
Comes from one Source, we feel.

How wide Thy mercies are, dear Lord,
Thy balanced beauty shows
No spot of earth, else lone or drear,
But there a violet grows.

AT CLOSE OF DAY

In patrician woods, where violets sweet
And the bluest beeches grow,
When summer winds in balmy flight
Wake lyrics soft and low,
And the waning light in farthest west,
Sends back a crimson glow,
A pulsing kiss for flower and leaf,
Ere it fade to gray, and go:

Then sylvan sprites, in purpling green,
Their mystic secrets bring,
And the hallowed hour a fragrance seems,
While fancy plumes her wing,
And the ev'ning dreams, in quiet note,
And tender memories cling:
Then mellow bells from far-off hills
With new-born hope a-swing.

THE MESSAGE

A blossom that grew in my garden, dear,
I bring to you ere the day closes ;
'Tis satin and pink to the heart of it, dear,
This sweetest of all the blush roses,—
Precious the message unfolded, my dear,
When its mission to you it discloses.

The petals were covered last night, my dear,
With the dew in a jewelled shower ;
Now the purity, fragrance are thine, my dear,
For a precious but fast-fleeting hour ;
Lift your eyes to the Steadfast Hills, my dear,
See, the roses ne'er fade in Love's bower.

For substance of flower, of joy, my dear,
Of man—God's child,—and immortal,
Is the thought supreme of Mind, my dear,
Out-sent from the morning's portal
When the worlds were framed, and the stars, my dear,
Sang that wonderful song immortal.

God's thought took form in command, my dear,
And the mandates of Spirit change never—
All the fragrance and color and form, my dear,
Sweet, brilliant and true, stand forever ;
To understand God is true wisdom, dear,
For immutable truth faileth never.

INFINITUDE OF LOVE

Love faileth not, it radiates
With Truth in channels wide
In ev'ry longing human breast
It waiteth to abide.

It hath no boundaries of time—
Eternity its home;
Its space no tow'ring walls confine—
The universe its home;

No sweeter heaven can there be
Than restfulness in Love
'Tis grace and glory unto each
All other states above.

NOT BY BREAD ALONE

The streets were winding and dark and narrow,
Where her home-nest was tucked away,
Hidden within the dusky shadow,
Scarce knowing the sunshine of day;
But when e'er she bought her measure of meal,
Blush roses she added in cluster.

She passed many years that were winters,
But summer alone reigned a Queen
In all the domain of her being.
Her smile was sweet, and the vivid sheen
Of the eyes that had looked upon sorrow,
In jubilant air of victory sang;
The joy in them flashed and fairly rang;
For the Word—His Presence—was with her.

THE LITTLE OCEAN EAGLE

O swift wing'd bird, far up in the blue,
Whither away?
Steady of poise and riding the storm
The livelong day.
Come gale and fury and blast anew
In gray of dawn or noontide blue;
In seething roar or in thunder boom;
The wrathful elements sounding doom,
When the mountain-surges break in the cloud
And swathe the earth in a water-shroud;
Yet, thou dauntless bird on pinions strong
Away and away thou sailest along,
High-poised and free, above all the storm
The livelong day.

Brave Ocean Eagle of matchless grace,
Frigate-bird, lord of the wingèd race,
Thy great dark pinions wide unfurled,
O'er-ride all blasts of a stormy world;
Thou hast no doubt, but that finest pow'r
Of him who trusts is thy kingly dow'r,
And in tranquil strength, each day newborn,
Thou leavest home at the gates of morn
And knowest not fear, but soarest high
Triumphant, free, through the vast blue sky—
On and away, the livelong day.

THE FATHER'S BREAD

Oh, sweet, my Father, is the bread
Thy children have from Thee;
'Tis health, and life, and thought, and love,
And Truth, and keeps us free.

THE LADY OF THE BEECHES

There's a forest of royal beeches
Skirting the slope to the still ravine;
Where linger the fairies with dewdrops
'Till the depths are a glimmering sheen,
And the moisture plants and the mosses
Are ever clad in unfading green.

Sun-kissed is the slope of the hillside,
The leaves a-shimmer in burnished gold;
There's a song by the blithesome cricket
And lambs wending their way to the fold.
As day wanes there's a quiet prescience
Pervading vale, the slope, and the crest,
And the crimson and rose are fading—
Blending to purple mist in the West.

As the ev'ning shadows fall darker
And sound the notes in a clearer ring
Comes a Lady, with song and color,
Comes in a lightsome crescendo swing,
Wearing robes of an autumn lilac,
Her pouch of color with grace to bring.
And the leaves of the tall young beeches
Dance in the morning in golden glee,
For my Lady with magic touches
Has made of their bolls a symphony—
Notes of light and scarlet and violet
And sapphire, blent soft as dove's wings be,
And the mauve-tinted trunks stand lofty,
'Midst their branches all plumed in gold,
Clothed in my Lady's royal velvet,
Color pure to the deep of each fold;
And Pan's seven reeds sing her praises,
In those Pandean shrills, as of old.

HO, FOR THE FOREST

Ho, for the forest and sunshine!
For the cabin of warmth and joy!
Embowered in masses of woodbine,
Where the bird's nest—shy and coy—
For the monarch beeches, gray and old,
For the spice of the hemlock's breath;
The lease of life its arms enfold,—
So our father's legend saith.

And Ho! for the winding pathways,
The call of the hunter's horn,
Sounding till setting of sun's rays,
And heard in the early morn,
For nut-trees crowning sunlit hills,
For garlands of fragrant leaf,
And softly brilliant pheasant quills
For crown of the victor-chief.

Oh! for the blessed comradeship
Of the constant, lofty trees,
For harpsichord in the flower's lip
Awaked by the wing of bees;
For the autumn days with friends a-near,
When life is in mellow tune,
And woodland voices sweet and clear
Chant peace in a rhythmic rune.

HIS GREAT BOOK OF HONOR

Home again from the fields, our toiler and friend,
A welcome most cordial, we haste to extend.
You're weary in heart, in muscle and brain;
Have courage, you'll find over cost there's a gain.
From the op'ning of morn unto close of the day
Now prose and now poem contended for sway,
And blossoms were hidden by rank growing reeds—
'Tis something that flowers were found 'mongst the
 weeds—

'Tis endeavor and toil and utmost of soul
Ere God will make ready the name to enroll
In His Great Book of Honor.

All hushed is the hour when dewdrops distil,
God scatters in silence o'er meadow and hill
His pearls of rich moisture, each blade to adorn,
The grass in his season, the green springing corn.
When in silence you trust He'll come to impart
In dew-falling-stillness rich joy to your heart.
Tho' you hear not a word you'll know 'tis His voice,
His spirit of power your heart to rejoice.

For endeavor and toil and utmost of soul
God now in His love your name will enroll
In His Great Book of Honor.

CROWN JEWELS

Dost thou understand the treasures
Enfolded in the snow?
Its exceeding, precious whiteness
Points a vital truth to know.

A beautiful intelligence
And power and breath of Love
Pervade the fields of atmosphere,
From vale to heights above;
And lo, whiteness and rare jewels
Wove in draperies of lace,
In triumphant color, dazzling—
Web of purity and grace—
Lightly clothing all the garden
Where stand creation's trees,
The blossoming into whiteness
Coming silent as rose leaves.

And in thousand forms and fancies
The iridescent gems,
Enwreathed in crowns of snowflakes,
In chains surmount the stems—
Nature's coronal of radiance—
And purity, alone
In such whiteness and crown jewels,
May come before God's throne.

He speaks to sacred Lebanon
And tallest cedars grow;
And again commands a garment
Of His white and precious snow.

Can'st forget the snows of Lebanon?
Faith ne'er is so remiss—
For Perfection's type of whiteness
Is the type God makes of this.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SNOW

Hast thou visited the Nations
The wond'rous scenes to view?
Crag and lake and mountain summits,
And the works that man can do?
Would'st thou delve e'en to earth's center
For wealth of gems and gold;
To the beds of mighty waters
For pearls of price untold?
Would'st thou search the starry millions
Of worlds that roll in space
With the mighty glass of science
Their mysteries to trace?
Would'st thou scan man's great achievements
With the shuttle of finance;
How the currents and the lightning
Send swift a magic lance
To prick the channels of the Universe
That their blood may flow in gold?
Not in all this wealth of marvels
With all they may unfold
Is found more mystery of wisdom
Than is in the snow enrolled.

GRATITUDE

Oh, in this wondrous time, this gracious hour,
A stately song, a hymn of gratitude
Ascendeth, for the healing and the power
In the touch of the ever-present Truth;
For the oneness of the Father and the Son
In the glory that was light ere its symbol
Or foundations of the earth were begun.

SHINING, THEY SING

Poised and serene in softest blue,
High swung above mist and the clouds,
 Shineth a star ;—
Shimmering luminous silver,
Unfaltering, precious and true—
 Shineth afar.

Unfading, eternal and high,
The substance and center of suns,
 Truth the White star,
Out-sending all life-rays and light,
Fills with glory the earth and the sky,
 The near and the far.

All stars shine in symphony sweet ;
In constant reflection of truth,
 Shining they sing.
All nations and tongues hear their voice,
Unceasing in consonant speech,
 Tranquilly sing.

IN MEMORIAM

JOSEPHINE DYAR HOUGHTON

Thy heart, dear friend, was a garden rare
 Yielding blossoms of beauty and grace ;
Thy joy was to scatter the lilies fair
 That the perfume might sweeten the place
 And flow'rs of hope might blow.

Horæ turned almost fourscore and ten
Her hortensial glass of golden sand
'Neath the world's blue sky for thee; and then
Thy feet sped on to the better land,
Love's loveliness to know.

Thy skillful hand sketched the sweet goodbye;
And what but lilies fair could it be?
The blossoms pure 'gainst a bit of sky—
Thy Mizpah, a thought of Christ, for me—
"The lilies, how they grow."

GLAD ARE THE HARPS

Glad are the harps in the great antiphonal
Of joy; for the healing and the power,
The life-baptism in the coming of the Christ;
'Tis the glory of the Father coming near!
His loving hand dispensing all the light;
Omnipotence precluding stress and fear.

Glad are the harps in the anthem sounding,
For He knows us! and calls us by our name
To His shelter in the cleft of the rock,
To the bonds of activity in Love,
Where the Christ is the shepherd of the flock.

ENTHRONING THE DAY

In the early morning shadow,
Looking outward to the sky,
All is blue and floating purple,
Noiseless in its passing by.

Lo, the darkness is divided!
Just a ray of bright'ning light
Glints unformed immensity,
And the morn salutes the night.

Light and glory dawning, dawning,
Purple passing into rose,
Phantoms pushing on the mystic,
Form stands out and darkness goes.

Precious pearl in band translucent
Cordons space below the blue,
Holds in poise for breathless moments:
Brilliance now of golden hue.

Diamond flashes wake and kindle
Earth and sea in one vast gem,
Fire and rose and blue commingle
Light and green, in diadem.

Higher mounts the sun all regal
And the day is king once more!
Light and power and joy are regnant
From the East to Western shore.

WORSHIP

Our Father, God, unchanging Love,
We lift our thought to Thee;
All grace Thou art—below, above—
All power and majesty.
Our hearts beat still, for Thou art near
And reverently we wait
In sacred hush Thy voice to hear,
To praise, with heart elate.

Triumphant, strong, the song we bring
When it reflects but Thee,
When closely to His side we cling
Who mounted Calvary,
And left a path transcendent, bright,
To lead us up to God,
The way illumed by holy light,
The path His feet have trod.

Assurance comes: "Lo, Thine we are!"
The "still small voice" we hear;
No sickness, sorrow, death can mar
When Love and Power are near.
As children, Father, glad we come,
Our trust in Thee complete;
Our Peace Thou art; our restful Home;
Our God; our Paraclete.

EL-Ì-SHE-BA

El-ì-she-ba, God's worshiper,
Whose eyes are starlit wells
Filled from the depths with constancy,
Blue violets of the dells,
With depth of tone and faithfulness
Their look a sweetness tells.

Thou standest at the gates of night
Where pass the toilers by ;
Some have wrought well and happy go ;
Some halt in step and sigh ;
Some trail in dust a broken wing—
A multitude goes by.

Those needy, willing, contrite, meek,
Thou touchest with thy song ;
The glory of God's knowledge—light—
Thy face reflecteth strong.
And healing balm flows unawares
The human line along.

A tenderness and strength divine
Enfolds each weary one.
God owns thy service ; and His grace
Shines out a very sun,
In rays of light and warmth and life,
When His will has been done.

Thy voice hath notes of sweetest strain,
Christ's love the melody,
Melting despair to tears that flow
At touch of sympathy,
The healing touch of perfect Love
And blind eyes ope and see.

El-i-she-ba, God's worshiper,
How beautiful thy feet!
Faithful o'er thorny, rugged ways,
And through the meadows sweet;
Thy face reflecting radiance,
Thy song with strength replete.

THE SECRET PLACE

The secret place of His Presence
Is effulgent with love and light;
Those who dwell in that flame of Life
Receive gift of illumined sight;
To them is given the blessedness
Of the might of Love to know
All grace and power of tenderness,
Of light the transcendent glow.

LOVE

Love, the impelling excellence of Grace,
Of life the enkindling fire,
Bestowment of balm of tenderness;
Love, the chiefest of all desire,
Filling all immensity of space,
A binding conserving law;
Is all continuity of strength;
From Love all good, all might we draw.

LIGHT

Dear Father, God, All-Life, All-Love,
Thy universe is Light;
Thy glory is beneath, above;
With Thee there is no night.
All wisdom, beauty blend in one—
A concept wholly Thine.
Christ Jesus, the immortal Son,
Stands forth, the Truth divine.

The brightness of His coming heals,
So sweet all-power is Light;
To sin and blindness it reveals
The tenderness of Might.

I'M DREAMING TO-NIGHT

Of the long ago I'm dreaming to-night
When our life and joy were one,
And laughing we danced in the flow'ry mead,
We roamed 'neath the same bright sun.

The little brown schoolhouse is standing true,
Four-square to the world around;
The noontide comes and each fair lover-girl
Seeks her mate with joyous bound.

And we skip and laugh in our bonnets blue,
To the cool and bubbling spring,
Where delicious in tang the peppermint
Grows round it in magic ring.

And the ice-cold spring and the biting mint
Lure the girls the summer long;
And each small, pink palm makes a drinking-cup,
Each tongue sings a burning song.

And the skies are blue, and the wild rose sweet;
Our arms twine each other round;
And the mistress wise and the maidens fair
Weep when "last schoolday" comes round.

Fades the dream—
And those dear young days of the long-ago
Up the steeps of life have wound,
Though white like snow are the lover-girl's locks,
Each, mint near a spring has found.

THE WELCOME

Now God be praised, good captain,
We're nearing heaven's shore ;
The heaven of home and country,
Where the royal seagulls soar.

High o'er the blue sea sailing,
O bird, on great white wing,
Thou comest me to welcome,
Home tiding sweet to bring.

I stretch my arms up to thee,
Brave bird from Golden Gate ;
Thy instinct is God-given
In path so high and straight.

Oh, in my far home harbor
Thou gavest me delight ;
My one white bird, my lover ;
All grace in thy high flight.

Nor flag, nor shore, nor sunshine
Are so like home, white bird ;
Thy great wings now curve to me ;
My prayer, my voice, is heard !

MOTHER'S GARDEN

Our mother loved the garden mould
In the springtime of the year,
To dig and plant and sow and trim
And to sing her hymn of cheer.

The flowers loved the mother-touch
And sprang in rapturous glee,
With all their sweets and colors fine
Showing forth their loyalty.

In that fine old-fashioned garden,
On a sun-slope of the farm,
She filled the beds of mellow soil
With the fragrant things that charm.

And with many that were useful
In meeting old-fashioned need;
Near the southernwood and tansy
Were planted the larkspur seed;

Sweet-william and the four-o'clocks
And old-fashioned marigold
And bells of pink and white musk-plant
In flowers their story told.

And dear old-fashioned mullein-pink
'Midst long leaves of pale green down
Arrayed its wealth of blossoms rare
In deep-crimson velvet gown.

Here daffodils and peonies
And bachelor buttons true,
Bride-of-the-mist, or mourning widow,
Each bloomed in its season due.

And the lilacs and wild roses
Giving out a breath most sweet
Waved in grace and bloomed in blushes
Near the gateway, as was meet.

A summer-house stood in the midst,
A bower of rest and shade,
With honeysuckle round and round,
And with woodbine overlaid.

Here glinting, twinkling, humming bird—
Flower ever on the wing—
Held one in rapt suspended thought,
Fairie, wondrous, sentient thing!

And roses trailed the cottage eaves,
Blushing deep to be so high,
While birds, nested in the branches,
Flew forth, singing, to the sky.

All things that grow—and her children—
Were the mother's loving care
And 'midst these, pruning, training,
We would sketch her portrait, fair.

THE ZENITH OF THE YEAR

'Tis crossing the meadows
Knee-deep through daisies and fragrant clover,
Up the rye-crowned hill, and on and over
To the wooded slope;
Delicious the air and the sun is high,
And music owns the sweet June sky,
And the birds soar there.

'Tis the cool ravine,
With sere leaves' rustle smothered in moss,
Where the tall trees throw their arms across
In stately cathedral arch;
And the silence sounds touch the inmost ear
Confidential in tone and softly clear,
And the heart sings back.

'Tis the anvil chorus
Of harmony sounds in poetic dream;
And nothing cares, but all things seem
In Jubilee of growing;
A blending of humming bird, rose and June;
The breath of the day with the light in tune
To note of one clear bell;
All color, all life in soprano tone;
The essence divine of all worth known;
One clear sweet bell of rejoicing.

LINCOLN

Born are the years: The years are gone!

But a pungent fragrance clings
To all the memories, fold in fold,
Like that Rosemary brings.
Rosemary, precious flower and leaf
From climes that are old and sear,
Sturdy and rugged, green and stiff,
With sky-tint blossoms dear.

The fragrance touches the dormant,
And ashes to being leap;
The brave of living yester-years
Wakes from his guarded sleep;
And he stands in mantle fragrant,
Of wisdom and of love—
A sturdy, homely, rugged one,
But gentle, like the dove.

Through all the years no other son
So royal crown has worn
Brilliant with stars of loving deeds
As on his brow is borne.
No malice dark, but charity
Graven in burnished gold—
The watchword he proclaimed for men
Through all the years will hold.

He stood in the breach for Freedom,
Stalwart and grave and sad,
Tho' the smile was ready, waiting
To change the face to glad.
Thoughts of his tender justness,
Compelling, like a prayer,
The deeds of power and kindness
Earth's lowly great shall dare.

PALMS

TO NETTA

There are palms, so numerous palms
In the stately paradise home ;
In single and in armies
The delightful expanse they roam ;
Victorious palms and lordly,
Tossing plumes in the upper blue,
A glist'ning regal coronet,
Proudly worn as rulers do.

So num'rous palms the great King needs
To bestow on those who love,
Whose lives are an active service,
And on those who stand and love,
Patiently guarding the gates of truth
With unflinching but tender hand ;
With face like a shining glory
In glistening robes who stand.

TO MARIE

I

From her cheek the roses had stealthily flown
When Mother breathed, "Darling," in tenderest tone,
And closely she folded you to her warm heart
Her precious girl-baby; Tears unbidden start—
The world all without was enmantled in snow;
Within all suffused with affection's warm glow.

II

The days of your childhood have receded far;
Stately angels now come the gates to unbar;
They swing to the fields where endeavor is free
And Hope, reigning a Queen, stands beckoning thee.
The secrets of Wisdom untiring you've sought;
Her messages still will inspire your thought;
A vision of woman, prophetic and clear,
She shows you erect, bearing strength, grace and
cheer.

III

Now June-time is come on that far golden shore,
Where the ocean waves lap at the sunset's door,
And arms of the saffron-rose twine round the palm
And the white sea-gulls in the summer's calm,
Charmed to stillness of wing, list the silver horn
Of retreating angels in the wake of morn—
They have put in thy arms a beautiful boy—
As thy mother, thou foldest to thee thy joy;
Now, Love's holy blessing rests down upon thee,
Blessing warm and abounding like sunset sea.

LILACS

In far-away Persia, in sun or in snow,
The beautiful lilacs like well to blow ;
Lilacs with more of the rose than the blue,
And in Sheraz gardens the white ones, too.

In Osaka's temple they wave with grace ;
Their perfume and bloom make sweet the place.
From the slopes Caucasian their seeds have flown,
And in all far nations their blooms are known.

Oh, precious the clusters of plumes that wave
In silvery purple, and all climes brave !
Their fragrance delicious pervades the spring—
'Tis essence of love in the censer they swing.

They are fragrant breath and flutter of grace,
A blossoming old-fashioned tenderness.
O heart of friendship, how like they are you !
Your sweetness of grace to their sweetness true.

ROSES

Roses, my roses—
And 'tis all my heart can sing,
For are not you just—Roses !
And no dear delightful thing
One-half your sweets discloses.

O rare, my Roses!
Your chalices o'erflowing
With bouquet of precious wine
Pour out a soul-communing
In accord with heart of mine;
Stately poising in your bowers.
In the cloud of fragrance caught,
You reign Empresses of flowers,
Fairest blossoming of thought.

THE VIOLET

TO A FRIEND

The precious fragrant violet
Tells of the Spring and thee;
Singing its song in forest shade—
Exquisite, royal, free.

In the quiet nooks of Nature,
Where shade and scrag abound,
And the thought of man is wanting,
The violet is found.

No flower in all God's kingdom,
Richer in dainty grace,
Touching the heart with tenderness,
From out its modest place.

And ever this fragrant blossom,
The sad heart makes to sing;
Ever the message it sends forth,
A sacred joy doth bring.

THE VICTOR'S VOICE

O burdened one,
Put by your tears and sorrow!
Life dieth not; put by your fears!
The Victor's voice rings down the years:
"Eternal Life! Eternal!"
In the might of understanding rise
And know 'tis yours, the precious prize,
Eternal Life! Eternal!

The Christ brings joy—
Awake and freedom's pinions try!
With Love and Power always nigh
The triumph song fills all the sky,
And lilies spring to kiss the feet
And Christ is conqueror!
Twine roses sweet and sing of faith,
And joy in its fruition;
The living Truth, the living Love
Reigns here and now, below, above,
Eternal Good! Eternal!

MORNING

A band of pearl and opal
On the azure curtain of sky,
Mist overhanging the valley
Softly purple and gray in dye;
The hillside a-blush with heather,
Beneath its mantle of dew,
And all the quiet places
With fragrant violets blue.

OVERCOMING

Fair Margaret, O fair Margaret!
Of the sand-dunes by the sea,
In shadow of the tow'ring cliffs
Held in perplexing revery,
Lift your eyes to highest summit,
Sheerest granite though it be.

You have passed your midnight sorrow,
And the daybreak comes apace;
Know that yesterday's red footprints
The kind sands will soon efface,
And reflection of all goodness,
Lasting sunshine, light your face.

Then climb! shrink not the rocks tho' sheer,
Though scarce a niche for climbing feet
And scarce a twig for grasp of hand;
On highest top there's rest, oh, sweet!
And friends and bloom and cooling shade
Your coming gladly wait to greet.

The wide-stretched strides heroic take,
Faint not; but palm 'gainst rocky face,
Cling! climb and cling, rare Margaret!
This last needs not a half the grace
Your power of sacrifice displayed,
Yielding to others prestige place,
The tender ties, the home, the care,
All that to heart is sweetest, best,
The dearest idols did not spare,
Put by the anguish—sacrificed.

Hail! O hail, rare Margaret!
Your feet attain the Horeb height
Unfading mosses kiss then, cool,
And plain and tree a wondrous light
Reflect; a light whose rays inform
Of joy that knows not sorrow's night.
Here fields of labor open wide
The workers throng—a gladsome sight—
And palms and lilies here abound;
Refreshing streams course with delight.

Fair Margaret, O fair Margaret!
As on faith's upward soaring wing
You understood the All of Power
Good to earth's frailest child to bring
Sundered were all the ties of flesh
And you learned how to God to cling.

CHRISTMAS

Softly the spheres of the universe turn
Bringing to climax the glorious year,
And good-will abounds and the Christ is here;
Each heart a censer sweet incense to burn—
Incense of love for which all alike, yearn.
For high, and for low, a chalice of cheer
Pours out the rich gift that crowneth the year—
Censer and chalice each pour in its turn.
Oh, beautiful Night! on Judah's far plain,
Resplendent in robes of purple and light,
And vibrant with joy when the Heralds sung,
To all open hearts, Christ cometh again,
And always 'tis sunburst of Christmas light
When love is serving and the peace-hymn sung.

WITH HIM IS HOME

The sunset rays throw over all
The peace of parting day,
The ev'ning shadows softly fall
And veil earth's cares away.

The wide world hastens to its rest
Beneath the eaves of home ;
One lifts His eyes toward Olivet
And climbs its slopes alone.

All day He serves the multitude,
The Bread of Life bestows ;
That others may go free He toils,
Their ev'ry need He knows ;

With waning day His yearning heart
Seeks not its own repose ;
But with His vital urgent load
To solitude He goes.

And Olive's shade enfolding Him,
He spends the night in prayer ;
In Him the Father, He in God ;
His very home is there.

Our Friend He is ; with Him our home ;
He is our guiding star ;
He, very Love, makes royal haste
The rest-gates to unbar.

EASTER MORNING

Fair, like a maiden, Easter morn approaches
Adorned in robe all 'broidered with pale flowers;
With soft rose-tint of hyacinth it blusheth,
Or shimmereth in gold which early showers
And the sunlight have brought the gay daffodil;
And shy pansies gather at the foot in frill:
Like maiden cometh with joyous step and free,
With accelerating pace she draweth near,
And all about her an aureole we see—
Rays from the star of Hope shining white and clear—
Majestic singers come, joyous in her train,
And answering back in echoes from the hills,
"The Lord is Risen!" And the sacred anthem thrills!
With "Hosannah in the Highest!" for refrain.

EASTER ANTHEM

The night was still in hush of silence holy,
And hast'ning angels o'er the Syrian plain,
In poise within the prescient quietude,
Diffused their rosy blossoms like the rain
That falleth softly on the waiting earth;
And fragrant dawn came in on quiet wing,
Awoke the sleeping earth with whispered thrills;
And kindled beauty, one with radiant Truth,
A pictured anthem lay on all the hills;
All Nature sang: "The Christ is risen, King!"
Light burst the bars! Let men and angels sing!

ASCENSION DAY

'Twas a finished work, triumphant,
That made the ascension day,
When Jesus reached the last outpost
Of that wondrous guiding way.

"Father forgive them" had been spoken ;
The crown of thorns been set ;
His "*lama sabacthani*" wailed ;
The prophecies been met,—
For destroyed had been the "Temple ;"
In three days again been raised.
He had walked the path to Emmaus ;
His disciples been amazed
When they knew the Master risen,
In the morning by the sea ;
Where He blessed the bread and brake it
On the shore of Galilee.

He had taught them all the blessedness
Of obeying His command ;
On the right side they had cast their nets
And abundance brought to land.
And their understanding blossomed
When He brake to them for food
The inmost meaning of the Scriptures,
The Spiritual good.

He bade them go, to ev'ry Nation,
Preach the gospel that makes free ;
Promised greater things than He had done

In works that yet should be ;
And to the band of followers
Still near their Master's side
The Holy Comforter He promised
To send them—to abide—
With uplifted hands He blessed them ;
The clouds began to move
And His earthly garment vanished ;
He was folded round with Love.

O'er the cross, the grave, all matter,
He ascendancy had won.
Not a wrong was left to conquer ;
His all-saving work was done ;
And awesome glory shone o'er Olivet
While the Father calléd Son.

HIS BRIGHTNESS

'Tis the coming of His brightness
Transfigures earth and me ;
And the hush His glory bringeth
Is sweetest symphony.

For 'tis only scintillations
Of love that kindle light,
And 'tis always Love's outgoing
Its fount keeps sweet and white.

And 'tis singing at our service,
In lowly paths divine,
Life becomes a benediction
Dear Christ, like unto Thine.

THE BOW OF PEACE

I

Ah, it was glorious, my heart, that day,
When all the winds were let loose on the hill,
And clouds the great sky-dome hastened to fill,
To stand up wrathful, as in vengeful fray;
Then, quick, serenely lighted with a ray
Of sheen about their edges, in a frill,
Bright, from the central sun on God's own hill;
For majestic power ruled in love that day.
Oh, in smoky-silver curtains, how the rain
Swayed with the wind and cracked its sheets of
wet!
Its fury spent, the furrowed cheek of the hill
It kissed; and we knew, heart and I, again,
When the wondrous bow in the clouds was set,
That peace enfolded us, and all things, still.

II

Peace wraps the hill in mantle of soft light.
'Tis kin to fragrance; 'tis like unto rest
Granted after turmoil in the long quest
Of an anguished soul for heavenly light,
When darkness flees and comes a radiance bright
Of all God's signs most beautiful and best,
From distant east the bow spans to the west,
And all the world's encompassed by His might,
Benignly mirrored in the ordered rays
From violet through the prism to the red.
'Tis precious promise from unchanging Mind,
Witness of Love's unforgetting tender ways.
"My Peace I give you," the great Master said.
The serene light of peace—to all mankind.

III

“Oh, wondrous day, when tempests all had fled
And over earth at first pale sunlight lay,
Quiet forerunner of a brighter ray.
And royal purple curtains wide were spread,
Then veiled by mists of soft and shad’wy red.
High circling over all, a shining way,
A bow of solvent gems of every ray
Of light and color from Love’s hand had sped!
And this not all, for on that day my shroud,
Leather-darkness, fell heavy at my feet.
At first, all seemed, to me, but softly bright;
Then quick there was nor heaviness nor cloud,
For Christ had spoken in His accents sweet
And flashed the brightness of His coming—Light!

OLIVE’S GARDEN

At foot of Olive’s hill the Garden stays;
And in it stand the giant bronzed trees,
Scarred and furrowed; yet in the sunset breeze
Their crowns of tender leaves glint in the rays
That soon will lose themselves in ev’ning’s haze
E’en now in homing flight the swallow sees
Her own dark wing a shadow lay on these.
Mayhap the bird has flown o’er distant ways,
And ’neath the roof of leaves her quiet breast
May glint in soft white comfort in the night.
Above the mountain’s brow appears a star;
To heart and mind comes consciousness of rest;
And shadowed earth and purple tinted light
Chord with the sacred notes in mem’ry’s bar.

AT OLIVE'S FOOT

Here oftentimes Jesus came with heavy heart,
 No friend a-near,
 To touch with quick'ning words the springs of life,
 To waken cheer.
 O blind! O fool! that mighty heart of love,
 Ineffable
 To grieve, and force its blood, compassionate,
 In agony
 To bead the brow; in the dark, alone, in
 Gethsemane;
 To weight Him down with the sins of the world,
 Him who loved thee!
 Who underwent the thorns, the cross, the death—
 Bore all the griefs—
 Yet, He, thy Life, thy Lord, arose supreme!
 O Life, O Love, ineffable!
 No voice so sweet, so tender as Thine own—
 So compassionate
 It whispers now: "Come all ye weary ones,
 Ye heavy laden."

AN ELECT LADY

SUSANNA WESLEY

Born, London, 1669; Died, Bristol, 1742

Two centuries with measured stately tread
 Have joined the marching ranks of all the ages,
 Down the aisles of the storied past receding,
 Since first the flowers of thought enwreathed her
 brow,

Forerunning golden fruitage and revealing
A regal intellect enthroned ; till now
Scarce thought in woman, lovely clinging,
Could be found—two hundred years and more
Since first in London she those flowers wore.

Clothed in the garments beautiful of truth
And maiden graces, heaven-born and sweet,
Strong, yet kindly, stood she for what was best
In girlhood, as when wintry storms of life
Beat round her ; stood in calm, supremest rest,
Patiently and with courage subduing strife ;
Leading in higher thought with ordered zest.
When sons to her in faith came with their need
Deftly she unravelled tangled skeins of creed.

O Priestess of Epworth ! still dost thou shine,
A guiding star whose steady ray earth's daughters
Well may follow ; securely poised in height
The shifting years shall see it reigning far.
Two sons with thee in greatness and in might
Of influence enthroned in honor are,
Beck'ning the sons of men to Love and Light.
One taught redemptive grace in metered line
Sweet lyrics sounding o'er the plains of earth
In cumulative force, majestic, fine.
And one, almost thy counterpart was he,
With logic keen uncovered sophistry,
Taught men to hear the Spirit's pard'ning voice,
Know His indwelling presence and rejoice.

MY ROSE

In far sunny Ind, where I strolled one day,
I gathered a carbuncle rich and red ;
I looked at the sun through the precious gem,
And a bright burning coal I saw instead ;
Then I chose the ruby from other shore ;
Red-sapphire gem oriental.
Of all precious things should I ask aught more ?

In garden with slope to the sunny south
I gathered a violet-dark-red rose
One morning in June, while glistened the dew
Like profusion of gems on these, on those—
The soft velvet petals, and leaves dark green—
A rare dark rose from Eden blown
Over paradise walls by breath unseen.

I said to my rose, "Your blood hints of Life ;
You move ! Ah yes, and your breath tells me so ;
Your cheek to my own presses soft and warm
Just where the sun kissed it awhile ago ;
The touch of his lips enhanced other grace
And fragrance you lavishly yield,
And a brighter tint on your robe I trace.

"Luxurious rose, meant for full deep life,
Your velvet and satin and bloom and glow,
Your breath of perfume all given, by whom ?
The heart answers softly, 'I know,' 'I know.'"
My Rose ! She is flower and woman too,
A blessing for all intended ;
And the high, and the low, from care to woe.

My Radiant Rose! She has jewelled mind,
Love reigns in her eye and glows on the cheek,
And her spirit is rare and her grace of mien;
God gave her to me of Heaven to speak;
His Word and His stars the lamps for her feet,
Her heart to be Holy Temple,
For the loving Lord it is cleansed, made meet.

The rose and the woman! Ah, who need sing
Of gems that are precious, "which is the fair"?
"Or the rose, just kissed by the morning sun",
"Or woman whose heart is a temple rare"
"Or the glowing coal, the carbuncle bright"
"Most brilliant gem, oriental"!
For, 'tis she who reflects Love's holy light!

The Lord built a city, and gems are its walls.
The Jasper and Beryl and Chrysolite
And the gates are of costly, rarest pearl,
In the midst of all the Lamb is the Light;
And roses, and lilies alternate grow
For the crown of His creation;
For the one whom the Master loves to know.

FRANCES WILLARD

'Tis afternoon once more
And the bright lake shimmers and dreams;
The white sand along its edge
Alive with child mound-builders, seems

A plain of long ago.

The tall motionless, vine-wreathed trees—
Their domes touching the clouds—
Sentinel stand o'er all one sees.

From white embowered tent

Notes fraught with earnest praise and prayer
Rise and fall in cadence,
Awakening the list'ning air.
'Tis woman's hour of gratitude
And supplication grave;
And she is there of gracious mien,
Gentle and firm and brave.

The brow refined is lifted,

Her spirit breathes in quiet tone
Complete consecration—
Father and loving child alone,
All other presence hushed—
Resolutely she takes the hand
Of all-sustaining Power:
A woman beautiful she stands!

Forth for native land she went

All in defensive armour clad—
"The panoply of Love"—
And mountain, plain, and valley glad
Gave back a smile of love.
Her footprints into blossoms rare—
Emblems of purity—
Sprang up—sweet lilies pure and fair.

DELIVERANCE AND THANKSGIVING

I

Christ was there, dear heart, on that rugged shore
Where, angry, the wild sea rolled in its might,
And o'er the deep blue sky, full-sailed and white,
Clouds, like hurried ships, scudded on before,
Till the wind dropped wing, and the mighty roar
Grew faint and fainter, and the sunset light
Was herald of fast on-coming of night,
And storm fled our hearts and the rugged shore;
While tattered and torn the cloud-ships passed by,
Then vanished—were lost in the deep blue sky—
For Christ spake; and was stilled the voice of fear;
Gone, forever, despair! and hope pressed near!
God's wing was our refuge, as on we sped
To this fragrant marsh, by the salt sea fed.

II

Now the gray morning comes with rifts of light,
Threads of rose and blue all under the gray,
Spreading soft through the woof of break-of-day.
There's hush in our hearts in this morning light.
Christ's love is enfolding. His coming, bright,
Transfigures the dark; 'tis glorified day!
'Cross the marshes' beauty we wind our way;
With royal iris at left and at right.
And 'tis June, dear heart, and the pale, wild rose
With its subtle breath sweetens all the air;
And all things are nestling, new life to bring.
Onward, the river of joy overflows,
Refreshing with hope, freeing thought from care,
And grateful our pæan of praise we sing.

IN THE PRESENCE OF NIAGARA

By the height and the calmness led
To seek a transcending view
The watchtower lifted its head
To the fields of calmest blue.
And was kindled the flashing light
Of a wonderful brilliant eye
In the lantern poised on the height
Of the tower that touched the sky.

And it glimmered and shone far out
O'er the seething furious wave
That reared 'midst the rocks and lashed about
In the echoes of wreck it gave.
Still, afar shone its guiding ray
Away out o'er the mighty deep
Where in repose the billows lay
As in calm and dreamless sleep.

At morning dawn to the tower's height
Earnestly mounted the watchman true;
Swiftly his keen and far-sent sight
Swept the remote expanse of blue.
And he thought of the mighty hand
In whose hollow the sea lay still,
The awful power of that command
That built a water-wall at will.

That always with roar and with sweep—
In step with the marching of time
The unmeasured volume, vast and deep,

Moving in majesty sublime,
Would descend the escarp with grace
In a flow of dissolving gems,
'Though swift the leap o'er the rocky face,
E'en from brow to instep hems—

The rainbows, the dash and the roar,
A commingling of regnant power
With beauty of color, and the soar
Of the chant in its flight to the tower
Was the winging of grace alone;
Bearing from God's alembic, fine,
Full measure of rhythmic might and tone
Written on highest keynote line.

In the watchman's thought the decree
That the waters pass not the command;
That forever the mighty sea
In obedient bounds should stand,
Caused a silent and rev'rent poise,
In presence of the Majesty
Which stilleth the sweep and the noise
Of the tumult of people and sea.

Truth speaks from a watchtower high
Calming tempest-tossed waves of fear;
Love shines, a warm and flashing eye
From the summit of highest sphere,
A light o'er surging billows wild
Of human thought or angry sea,
That no wreck of any trusting child
In all His kingdom of light should be.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

In the far-off long-ago
There was a beautiful Christmas day,
And the eyes are moist, and they softly say,
"That wonderful long ago!"

And the billows of white rolled far and wide,
To horizon's rim that Christmastide,
A marvel pure and fair.
There was shout at dawn-break, "All is well!"
And a cloud of great, warm snowflakes fell
All day, through the silent air.

And our hearts were filled with joy,
There was fur-lined sleigh, as trim as could be,
Quite ample enough for him and for me,
And our hearts and all our joy.

And it smoothly slipped along
To the tune of the mellow sleighing bells,
An echo of all the harmonic swells
In the billowy way along.

"A Merry Christmas!" "Merry!"
Said the music, the snow and our hearts in tune,
With as loving a lilt as birds in June;
"A dear old Christmas!" "Merry!"

Night came in that long-ago,
And brightly the Holly enwreathed the wall,
Witching and merry the Mistletoe's call,
That evening long ago.

The Mistletoe bough hung high!
Its enchanting spell bro't roses sweet
To the cheeks of the maid with graces meet
For the stately minuet;
And glee notes rang thro' the festive hall—
The notes of the merry Mistletoe's call—
For the Mistletoe hung high,
And the Holly enwreathed the wall.

Merry Christmas on the wing!
For like birds came the flight of the years,
Swiftly, surely, with joys and with tears;
Christmas joys on peaceful wing!

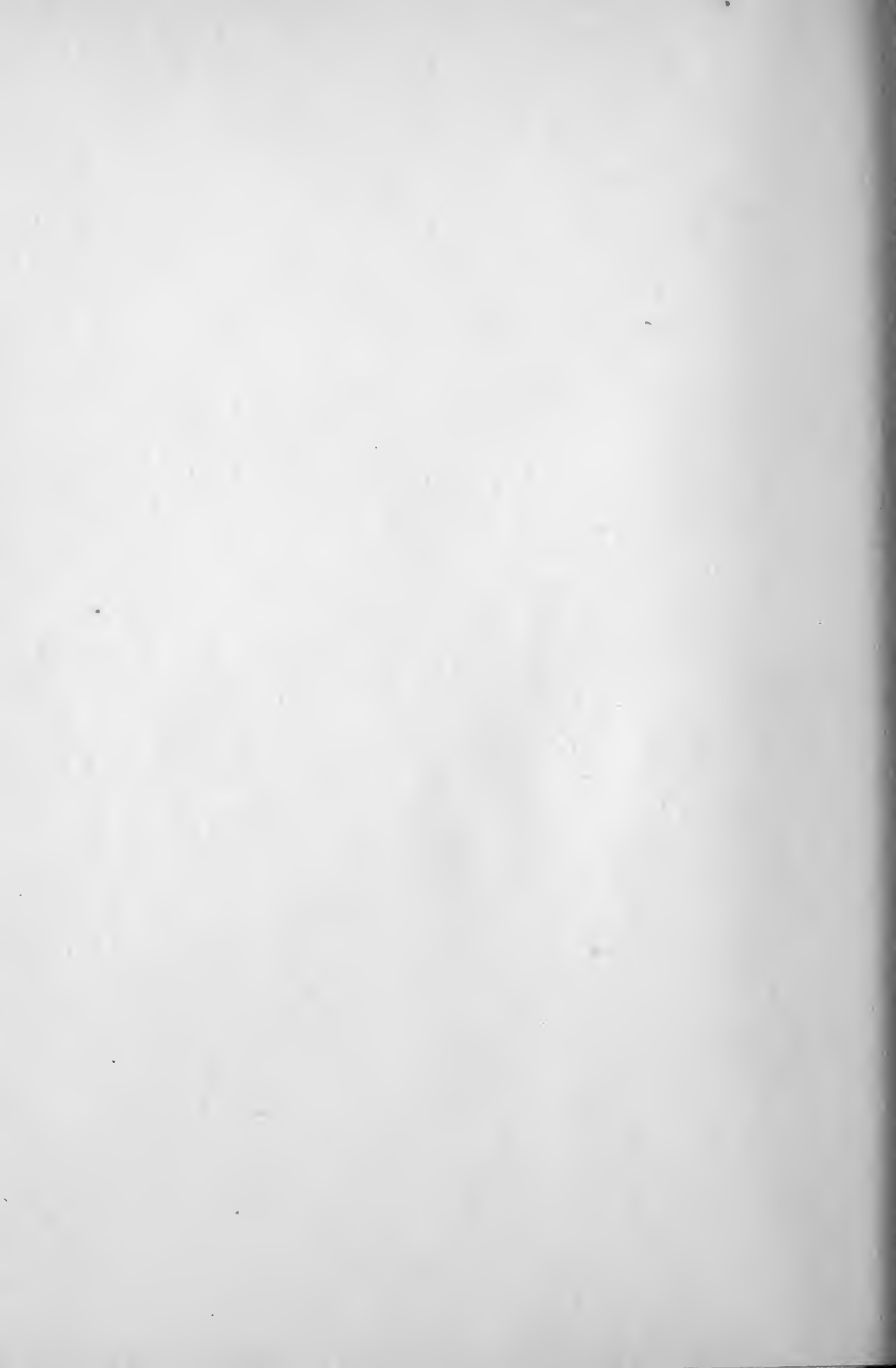
Our trim little sleigh we had;
We slipped from the hollows to hilltops fair,
Each hand in each, and were ever aware
Of wealth in the other we had.

For we knew the Christmas King!
He was Love, the Ruler, in heart of each,
And trust and peace He reigned to teach;
The tender Christmas King!

To-day, as in long ago,
Sweet bells, of the fifty jewelled years,
Ring clear, and the eyes are soft with tears,
For now, and for long ago.
That wonderful peace Christ brings to men
Is a benediction, now as then;
And the Mistletoe bough hangs high!
Still high the Christmas Holly!

FAMILIAR—DEAR

God sent us not a strange New Year ;
It came familiar, ermine-clad,
Or bearing palms and roses glad,
For world-wide folks, a world-wide cheer—
Pan's pipes a-flute, and bells rang clear ;
With jollity and welcome mad.
It came a sturdy hope-filled lad,
Reliant, strong, and full of cheer,
And climbed to zenith. Now it wanes,
And Christmas festival is here ;
Each heart at home with well known things ;
For Love, the King familiar, reigns.
He crowns with joy the speeding year ;
To each His wealth of peace He brings.



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